

brigade-major of the body-guard, being ordered to place the company in the little theatre at the Palace of Versailles, very roughly turned out one of the King's comptrollers, who had taken his seat on one of the benches, a place to which his newly-acquired office entitled him. In vain he insisted on his quality and his right. The altercation was ended by the brigade-major in these words, "Gentlemen body-guards, do your duty." In this case their duty was to take the man and put him out at the door. This comptroller, who had paid sixty or eighty thousand francs for his place, was a man of a good family, and had had the honour of serving His Majesty five-and-twenty years in one of his regiments. Thus disgracefully driven out of the hall, he placed himself in the King's way, in the great hall of the guards, and, bowing to His Majesty, requested him to repair the honour of an old soldier, who had wished to end his days in his Prince's civil employment, now that age had obliged him to relinquish his military service. The King stopped, heard the tale he told in accents of grief and truth, and then ordered him to follow him. His Majesty attended the representation in a sort of amphitheatre, in which his armchair was placed. Behind him was a row of stools for the captain of the guards, the first gentlemen of the chamber and other great officers. The brigade-major was entitled to one of these places. The King stopped opposite the seat which ought to have been occupied by that officer, and said to the comptroller, "Take, sir, for this evening, the place near my person of him who has offended you, and let the expression of my displeasure at this unjust affront satisfy you instead of any other reparation."

During the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV., he never went out but in a chair carried by porters, and he showed much partiality for a man of the name of d'Aigremont, one of these porters, who always went in front and opened the door of the chair. The slightest preference shown by Sovereigns, even to the meanest of their servants, never fails to excite observation.¹ The King had done some-

¹ This reflection is justified by an anecdote which was probably unknown to the author. People of the very first rank did not disdain to descend to the level of D'Aigremont. "Lauzun," says the Duchess d'Orleans, in her Memoirs, "sometimes affects stupidity in order to tell the people their own with impunity, for he is very malicious. In order to make Marshal Tessé feel the impropriety of his familiarity with people of the common sort, he called out, in the drawing-room at Marly, 'Marshal, give me a pinch of snuff; some of your best, such as you take in a morning with M. d'Aigremont, the chair-man.'"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

thing for this man's numerous family, and frequently talked to him. An abbé belonging to the chapel thought proper to request D'Aigremont to present a memorial to the King, in which he petitioned His Majesty to grant him a benefice. Louis XIV. did not approve of the liberty thus taken by his chair-man, and said to him, in a very angry tone, "D'Aigremont, you have been made to do a very unbecoming act, and I am sure there must be *simony* in the case." "No, Sire, there is not the least *ceremony* in the case, I assure you," answered the poor man, in great consternation; "the abbé only said he would give me a hundred louis." "D'Aigremont," said the King, "I forgive you, on account of your ignorance and candour. I will give you the hundred louis out of my privy purse, but I will discharge you the very next time you venture to present a memorial to me."

Louis XIV. was very kind to those of his servants who were nearest his person; but the moment he assumed his Royal deportment those who were most accustomed to see him in his domestic character were as much intimidated as if they were appearing in his presence for the first time in their lives. Some of the members of His Majesty's civil household, then called *commensalité*, enjoying the title of equerry and the privileges attached to officers of the King's household, had occasion to claim some prerogatives, the exercise of which the municipal body of St. Germain, where they resided, disputed with them. Being assembled in considerable numbers in that town, they obtained the consent of the Minister of the Household to allow them to send a deputation to the King, and for that purpose chose from amongst themselves two of His Majesty's *valets de chambre* named Bazire and Soulaigre. The King's levee being over, the deputation of the inhabitants of the town of St. Germain was called in. They entered with confidence; the King looked at them, and assumed his imposing attitude. Bazire, one of these *valets de chambre*, was about to speak; but Louis the Great was looking on him. He no longer saw the Prince he was accustomed to attend at home; he was intimidated, and could not find words. He recovered, however, and began, as usual, with the word *Sire*. But timidity again overpowered him, and finding himself unable to recollect the slightest particle of what he came to say, he repeated the word *Sire* several times over, and at length concluded by saying, "*Sire*, here is Soulaigre." Soulaigre, who was very angry with Bazire and expected to acquit himself much better, then began to speak. But he also, after repeating *Sire* several times, found his embarrassment increase upon him until his confusion equalled that of his colleague. He therefore ended with "*Sire*, here is Bazire."

The King smiled, and answered, "Gentlemen, I have been informed of the business upon which you have been deputed to wait on me, and I will take care that what is right shall be done. I am highly satisfied with the manner in which you have fulfilled your functions as deputies."¹

ANECDOTES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

THE first event which made any impression on me in my earliest childhood was the attempt of Damiens to assassinate Louis XV. This occurrence struck me so forcibly that the most minute details relating to the confusion and grief which prevailed at Versailles on that day seem as completely present to my imagination as the most recent events. I had dined with my father and mother, in company with one of their friends. The drawing-room was lighted up with a number of tapers, and four card-tables were already occupied, when a friend of the gentleman of

¹ In this pleasantry there is nothing bitter or harsh, as in most of those of Louis XV. It leaves only the impression of an agreeable piece of wit. Louis XIV. never indulged in an expression capable of offending anyone, and his repartees, which were almost always full of meaning, often disclose a refined and delicate tact. Generally speaking, wit, either poignant and caustic or pleasant and lively, has never been wanting in the descendants of Henry IV. In the Memoirs of Madame de Hausset there is a striking observation by Duclos on this subject.

"M. Duclos was at Dr. Quesnay's, haranguing with his usual warmth. I heard him say to two or three persons, 'The world is always unjust towards great men, ministers and princes; nothing is more common than to deny them all claims to wit. A few days ago I surprised one of these gentlemen of the *infallible brigade* by telling him that there has been more wit in the House of Bourbon than in any other.' 'Did you prove that?' said someone with a sneer. 'Yes,' said Duclos, 'and I will prove it to you. I presume you allow that the great Condé was no fool, and the Duchess de Longueville is celebrated as one of the most brilliant of women. The Regent was unrivalled for wit of every kind. The Prince de Conti, who was elected King of Poland, was distinguished for this quality, and his verses are equal to those of La Fare and Saint-Aulaire. The Duke of Burgundy was learned and enlightened. The Duchess, Madame, daughter of Louis XV., was an eminent wit, and made epigrams and couplets. The Duke de Maine is in general known only by his weakness; but no one could have more agreeable talents for conversation. His wife was a giddy creature, but she was fond of literature, understood poetry, and possessed a brilliant and inexhaustible imagination. I have now mentioned enough of them,' continued he; 'and as I am not given to flattery, and hate even the appearance of it, I shall say nothing of the living.' This list excited astonishment, and everyone subscribed to the truth of his assertions."

the house came in with a pale and terrified countenance and said, in a voice scarcely audible, "I bring you terrible news. The King has been assassinated!" Two ladies in company instantly fainted; a brigadier of the body-guards threw down his cards and cried out, "I do not wonder at it; it is those rascally Jesuits." "What are you saying, brother?" cried a lady, flying to him; "would you get yourself arrested?" "Arrested! for what? for unmasking those wretches who want a bigot for a King?" My father came in. He recommended circumspection, saying that the blow was not mortal, and that all meetings ought to be suspended at so critical a moment. He had brought a chaise for my mother, who placed me on her knees. We lived in the Avenue de Paris, and throughout our drive I heard incessant cries and sobs from the foot-paths. At last I saw a man arrested. He was an usher of the King's chamber who had gone mad, and was crying out, "Yes, I know them, the wretches! the villains!" Our chaise was stopped by this bustle; my mother recognised the unfortunate man who had been seized, and gave his name to the brave trooper who had stopped him. This faithful servant was merely conducted to the gendarmes' station, which was then in the avenue. In times of public calamities or national events the slightest acts of imprudence may be fatal. When the people take part in an opinion or occurrence we ought to avoid coming in contact with them, or even alarming them. Informations are no longer the result of an organised police, and punishments cease to emanate from impartial justice. At the period of which I am speaking, the love of the Sovereign was a sort of religion, and this attempt against the life of Louis XV. brought on a multitude of groundless arrests.¹ M. de la Serre, then governor of the Invalides, his wife, his daughter, and some of his domestics were taken up because Mademoiselle de la Serre, who was that very day come from her convent to pass the holiday of the King's birthday with her family, said, in her father's drawing-room, on hearing this news from Versailles, "It is not to be wondered at. I have often heard Mother N—— say that it would certainly happen because the King is not sufficiently attached to religion." Mother N——, the director and several of the nuns of this convent were

¹ At this period Louis XV. was still beloved. In the *Historical Illustrations* (V) will be found a notice relative to this attempt to assassinate the King, together with some curious facts related by Madame de Hausset on the momentary disgrace of Madame de Pompadour, and her subsequent triumph on the King's recovery.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

interrogated by the lieutenant of police. The public animosity against the Jesuits, kept up by the partisans of Port Royal and the adepts of the new philosophy, did not conceal the suspicions which they directed against the Jesuits; and, although there was not the slightest proof against that order, the attempt to assassinate the King was certainly made use of against it, a few years afterwards, by the party which affected the destruction of the Company of Jesus. The wretch Damiens avenged himself on several persons whom he had served in several provinces by getting them arrested; and when they were confronted with him, he said to some of them, "It was out of revenge for your ill-treatment of me that I put you into this fright." To some women he said, "That he had amused himself in his prison with the thoughts of the terror they would feel." This monster confessed that he had murdered the virtuous La Bourdonnaye, by giving him a *lavement* of aquafortis. He had also committed several other crimes. People are too careless about those whom they take into their service; such examples prove that too many precautions cannot be used in ascertaining the character of strangers before we admit them into our houses.

I have often heard M. de Landsmath, equerry and master of the hounds, who used to come frequently to my father's, say that, on the news of the attempt on the King's life, he instantly repaired to His Majesty. I cannot repeat the coarse expressions he made use of to encourage His Majesty; but his account of the affair, long afterwards, used to entertain the parties in which he was prevailed on to relate it, when all apprehensions respecting the consequences of this event had subsided. This M. de Landsmath was an old soldier who had given proofs of extraordinary valour. Nothing had been able to soften his manners or subdue his excessive bluntness to the respectful customs of the Court. The King was very fond of him. He possessed prodigious strength, and had often contended with Marshal Saxe, renowned for his great bodily power, in trying the strength of their respective wrists.¹ M. de Landsmath had a thundering voice. When he came into the King's apartment, he found the Dauphin and

¹ One day, when the King was hunting in the forest of St. Germain, Landsmath, riding before him, wanted a cart, filled with mud from a pond that had just been cleansed, to draw up out of the way. The carter resisted, and even answered with impertinence. Landsmath, without dismounting, seized him by the breast of his coat, lifted him up, and threw him into his cart.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

Mesdames His Majesty's daughters there; the Princesses, in tears, surrounded the King's bed. "Send out all these weeping ladies, Sire," said the old equerry, "I want to speak to you alone." The King made a sign to the Princesses to withdraw. "Come," said De Landsmath, "your wound is nothing; you had plenty of waistcoats and flannel on." Then uncovering his breast, "Look here," said he, showing four or five great scars, "these are something like wounds. I received them thirty years ago; now cough as loud as you can." The King did so. Then taking up a *vase de nuit*, he desired His Majesty in the most unceremonious way to make use of it, which he did. "'Tis nothing at all," said Landsmath; "you must laugh at it; we shall hunt a stag together in four days." "But suppose the blade was poisoned," said the King. "Old grandame's tales," replied De Landsmath; "if it had been so, the waistcoats and flannels would have rubbed the poison off." The King was tranquillised, and passed a very good night.

This same M. de Landsmath, who, by his military and familiar language, thus calmed the fears of Louis XV. on the day of Damiens' horrible crime, was one of those people who, in the most haughty Courts, often tell the truth bluntly. It is remarkable that there is a person of this description to be found in almost every Court, who seems to supply the place of the ancient King's jester, and to claim the right of saying whatever he pleases.

His Majesty one day asked M. de Landsmath how old he was? He was aged, and by no means fond of thinking of his age, so evaded the question. A fortnight after Louis XV. took a paper out of his pocket and read aloud, "On such a day in the month of * * *, one thousand six hundred and eighty * * *, was baptised by me, rector of * * *, the son of the high and mighty Lord, &c." "What's that?" said De Landsmath, angrily; "has Your Majesty been procuring the certificate of my baptism?" "There it is, you see, Landsmath," said the King. "Well, Sire, hide it as fast as you can; a Prince entrusted with the happiness of twenty-five millions of men ought not to hurt at pleasure the feelings of one individual."

The King learned that De Landsmath had lost his confessor, a missionary priest of the parish of Notre Dame. It was the custom of the Lazarists to expose their dead with the face uncovered. Louis XV. wished to try his equerry's firmness. "You have lost your confessor, I hear," said the King. "Yes, Sire." "He will be exposed with his face bare?"

"Such is the custom." "I command you to go and see him." "Sire, my confessor was my friend; it would be very painful to me." "No matter; I command you." "Are you really in earnest, Sire?" "Quite so." "It would be the first time in my life that I had disobeyed my Sovereign's order. I will go." The next day the King, at his levee, as soon as he perceived De Landsmath, said, "Have you done as I desired you, Landsmath?" "Undoubtedly, Sire." "Well, what did you see?" "Faith, I saw that Your Majesty and I are no great things!"¹

At the death of Queen Maria Leckzinska, M. Campan, who was afterwards secretary of the closet to Marie Antoinette, and at that time an officer of the chamber, having performed several confidential duties at the time of that Queen's decease, the King asked Madame Adelaide how he should reward him. She requested him to create an office in his household of master of the wardrobe, with a salary of a thousand crowns, for M. Campan. "I will do so," said the King, "it will be an honourable title; but tell Campan not to add a single crown to his expenses, for you will see they will never pay him."

The manner in which Mademoiselle de Romans, mistress to Louis XV. and mother of the Abbé Bourbon, was presented to him deserves, I think, to be related. The King had gone with a grand cavalcade to Paris to hold a bed of justice. As he passed the terrace of the Tuileries he observed a chevalier de St. Louis, dressed in a faded lustring coat, and a woman of a pretty good figure, holding on the parapet of the terrace a young girl strikingly beautiful, much adorned, and dressed in a rose-coloured taffety frock. The King's notice was involuntarily attracted by the marked manner in which he was pointed out to the girl. On returning to Versailles he called Le Bel, the minister and confidant of his secret pleasures, and ordered him to seek in Paris a young female about twelve

1 "The King often talked about death, burials, and cemeteries," says Madame du Hausset; "nobody could be more melancholy by nature. Madame de Pompadour has often told me that he felt a painful sensation whenever he was forced to laugh, and that he often requested her to put an end to a diverting story. He smiled, and that was all. He had, in general, the most gloomy ideas on all events. When a new minister came into office the King would say, 'He spread out his goods, like the rest, and promised the finest things in the world, none of which will ever happen. He does not know how the land lies; he will see.' When schemes for increasing the naval force were proposed to him he used to say, 'I have heard it talked of continually for the last twenty years; France will never have a navy, I believe.' I had this from M. de Marigny."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

or thirteen years of age, describing her as I have just done. Le Bel assured him he saw no probability of the success of such a commission. "Pardon me," said Louis XV., "this family must live in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries, on the side of the Faubourg St. Honoré, or at the entrance of the Faubourg St. Germain. These people certainly go on foot; they did not make the girl, of whom they seemed so fond, cross all Paris. They are poor; the clothes of the child were so new that I have no doubt they were made for the very day I was to go to Paris. She will wear that dress all the summer; they will walk in the Tuileries on Sundays and holidays. Apply to the man who sells lemonade at the terrace of the Feuillans; children take refreshment there; you will discover her by these means."

Le Bel fulfilled his master's orders; and within a month discovered the dwelling of the girl; he found that Louis XV. was not in the least mistaken with respect to the intentions which he supposed to exist. All conditions were easily agreed on; the King contributed, by considerable presents, to the education of Mademoiselle de Romans for the space of two years. She was kept totally ignorant of her future destiny; and, when she had completed her fifteenth year, she was taken to Versailles on the pretence of going to see the palace. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, she was conducted into the mirror gallery. All the grand apartments were usually deserted at that hour. Le Bel, who waited for them, opened the glass door which led from the gallery into the King's closet, and invited Mademoiselle de Romans to go in and examine its beauties. Encouraged by the sight of a man whom she knew, and excited by the curiosity so excusable at her age, she eagerly accepted the offer, but insisted on Le Bel procuring the same pleasure for her parents. He assured her that it was impossible, that they were going to sit down in one of the windows of the gallery and wait for her, and that when she had seen the inner apartments he would bring her back to them. She consented; the glass door closed on her. Le Bel showed her the chamber, the council-room, and talked with enthusiasm of the monarch who possessed the magnificence with which she was surrounded; and at length conducted her to the private apartments, where Mademoiselle de Romans found the King himself awaiting her arrival with all the impatience and eagerness of a Prince who had been two years engaged in bringing about the moment of this interview.

What painful reflections are excited by all this immorality! The art with which this intrigue had been carried on, and the genuine innocence of the youthful De Romans,

were doubtless the motives of the King's particular attachment to this mistress. She was the only one who prevailed on him to allow her son to bear the name of Bourbon. At the moment of his birth she received a note in the King's handwriting, containing the following words: "The Rector of Chaillot, when he baptizes the child of Mademoiselle de Romans, will give him the following names: Louis N. de Bourbon." A few years afterwards, the King being dissatisfied at the importance which Mademoiselle de Romans assumed on account of her good fortune in having given birth to an acknowledged son, and seeing by the splendid way in which she was bringing him up that she entertained the idea of causing him to be legitimatised, had him taken out of his mother's hand. This commission was executed with great severity. Louis XV. had vowed never to legitimatise a natural child. The great number of Princes of this description which Louis XIV. had left was burdensome to the State, and made this determination of Louis XV. truly laudable. The Abbé Bourbon was very handsome, and exactly resembled his father. He was much beloved by the Princesses, the King's daughters, and his ecclesiastical elevation would have been carried by Louis XV. to the highest degree. A cardinal's hat was intended for him, as well as the abbey of St. Germain des Prés and the bishopric of Bayeux. Without being considered one of the Princes of the Blood, he would have enjoyed a most happy lot. He died at Rome of confluent small-pox. He was generally regretted there; but the unfortunate events by which his family have since been afflicted afford reason to regard his death as a merciful dispensation of Providence. Mademoiselle de Romans married a gentleman named Cavanac. The King was displeased at it, and she was universally blamed for having in some degree abandoned by this alliance the plain title of mother of the Abbé de Bourbon.¹

¹ This anecdote is calculated to excite mournful reflections; but its impression is heightened by the fact that many similar adventures took place. In the *Historical Illustrations* (W) will be found two anecdotes—the one related by Soulavie, the other by Madame du Hausset—which, although the names of the parties differ, are but too similar to this of Mademoiselle de Romans.

The following article, written with extraordinary impartiality by M. de Lacretelle, leaves no possible doubt as to the origin and extent of these scandalous practices:

"Louis, satiated with the conquests which the Court offered him, was led by a depraved imagination to form an establishment for his pleasures of such an infamous description that, after having depicted the debaucheries of the Regency, it is difficult to find terms appropriate to an excess of this kind. Several elegant houses, built in an enclosure called the Parc-aux-Cerfs, were used for the reception of

The monotonous habits of Royal greatness too frequently inspire Princes with the desire of procuring for themselves the enjoyments of private individuals; and then they vainly flatter themselves with the hope of remaining concealed in mysterious obscurity. They ought to be warned against these transient errors, and accustomed to support the tediousness of greatness, as well as to enjoy its extensive advantages, which they well know how to do. Louis XV., by his noble carriage, and the mild yet majestic expression of his features, was perfectly worthy to succeed Louis the Great. But he too frequently indulged in secret pleasures, which at last were sure to become known. During several winters he was passionately fond of *candles' end balls*, as he called those parties amongst the very lowest classes of society. He got intelligence of the picnics given by little dealers, milliners and seamstresses of Versailles, whither he repaired in a black domino and masked, accompanied by the captain of his guards masked like himself. His great delight was to go *en brouette*.¹ Care was always taken to give notice to five or six officers of the King's or Queen's chamber to be there, in order that His Majesty might be surrounded by safe people without perceiving it or finding it troublesome. Probably the captain of the guards also took other precautions of this description on his part. My father-in-law, when the King

women, who there awaited the pleasure of their master. Hither were brought young girls sold by their parents, and sometimes forced from them. They left this place loaded with gifts, but almost certain of never more beholding the King who had dishonoured them, even when they bore with them a pledge of his base passion. Hence corruption found its way into the most peaceful and obscure habitations. It was skilfully and patiently fostered by those who ministered to the debaucheries of Louis. Whole years were occupied in the seduction of girls not yet of marriageable age, and in undermining the principles of modesty and fidelity in young women. Some of these victims were so unhappy as to feel a true affection and sincere attachment to the King. For a few minutes he would seem moved by their fidelity, but he quickly repressed such feelings, and persuaded himself that it was all artifice intended to govern him; and he himself became the informer against them to the Marchioness, who soon forced her rivals back into their original obscurity. Mademoiselle de Romans was the only one who procured her son to be acknowledged as the King's child. Madame de Pompadour succeeded in removing a rival who seemed to have made so profound an impression on the King's heart. Mademoiselle de Romans had her son taken from her; he was brought up by a peasant, and his mother durst not protest against this outrage until after the King's death. Louis XVI. restored her son to her, and took him under his protection; he was afterwards known under the name of the Abbé de Bourbon. ("History of France," by Lacretelle, vol. iii.)—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

¹ In a kind of sedan chair, running on two wheels, and drawn by a chair-man.

and he were both young, has often made one amongst the servants desired to attend masked at these parties, assembled in some garret, or parlour of a tavern. In those times, during the carnival, masked companies had a right to join the citizens' balls; it was sufficient that one of the party should unmask and name himself.

These secret excursions, and his too habitual intercourse with ladies more distinguished for their personal charms than the advantages of education, were no doubt the means by which the King acquired many vulgar expressions which otherwise would never have reached his ears.

Yet, amidst the most shameful excesses, the King sometimes resumed suddenly the dignity of his rank in a very noble manner. The familiar courtiers of Louis XV. had one day abandoned themselves to the unrestrained gaiety of a supper after returning from the chase. Each boasted and described the beauty of his mistress. Some of them amused themselves with giving a particular account of their wives' personal defects, and in claiming extraordinary merit for their performance of marital duties. An imprudent word, addressed to Louis XV. and applicable only to the Queen, instantly dispelled all the mirth of the entertainment. The King assumed his regal air, and, knocking with his knife on the table twice or thrice, "Gentlemen," said he, "here is the King."¹

Three young men of the College of St. Germain, who had just completed their course of studies, knowing no person about the Court, and having heard that strangers were always well treated there, resolved to dress themselves completely in the Armenian costume, and thus clad to present themselves to see the grand ceremony of the reception of several knights of the Order of the Holy Ghost. The stratagem met with all the success with which they had flattered themselves. While the procession was passing through the long mirror gallery, the Swiss of the apartments placed them in the first row of spectators, recommending everyone to pay all possible attention to the strangers. The latter, however, were imprudent enough to enter the "bull's-eye," where were MM. Cardonne and Ruffin, interpreters of Oriental languages, and the first clerk of the consul's department, whose business it was to attend to everything which related to the natives of the East who were in France. The three scholars were

¹ No anecdote could more completely expose the excessive corruption of the times than this shameful conduct of married men, although that of their wives was probably no better. According to facts mentioned by Soultavie, there were women audacious enough to demand evidence of their own infamy in order to effect a separation from their husbands.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

immediately surrounded and questioned by these gentlemen, at first in modern Greek. Without being disconcerted, they made signs that they did not understand it. They were then addressed in Turkish and Arabic. At length, one of the interpreters, losing all patience, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you certainly must understand some of the languages in which you have been addressed; what country can you possibly come from, then?" "From St. Germain-en-Laye, sir," replied the boldest amongst them. "This is the first time you have put the question to us in French." Then they confessed the motive of their disguise; the eldest of them was not more than eighteen years of age. Louis XV. was informed of the affair. He laughed heartily; ordered them a few hours' confinement and a good admonition, after which they were to be set at liberty.

Louis XV. liked to talk about death, though he was extremely apprehensive of it; but his excellent health and his Royal dignity probably made him imagine himself invulnerable. He often said to people who had very bad colds, "You've a churchyard cough there." Hunting one day in the forest of Sénard, in a year in which bread was extremely dear, he met a man on horseback carrying a coffin. "Whither are you carrying that coffin?" "To the village of ———," answered the peasant. "Is it for a man or a woman?" "For a man." "What did he die of?" "Hunger," bluntly replied the villager. The King spurred his horse and asked no more questions.

When I was young I often met in company Madame de Marchais, the wife of the King's first *valet de chambre*. She was a very well-informed woman, and had enjoyed the favour of Louis XV., being a relation of Madame de Pompadour. M. de Marchais was rich and much respected; had served in the army, was a chevalier de St. Louis, and, besides being principal *valet de chambre*, was governor of the Louvre. Madame de Marchais was visited by the whole Court; the captains of the guards came there constantly, and many officers of the body-guard. Eminent officers of every kind used to get introduced to her, as to Madame Geoffrin. She possessed some influence, particularly in soliciting votes for the candidates for the academicians' chairs. I have seen all the celebrated men of the age at her house: La Harpe, Diderot, D'Alembert, Duclos, Thomas, &c. She was remarkable for her wit and studied display, as was her husband

for his good-nature and simplicity. He was fond of spoiling her most innocent schemes for obtaining admiration. No one could describe an academical speech, a sermon, or the subject of a new piece with so much precision and grace as Madame de Marchais. She had also the art of turning the conversation at pleasure upon any ancient or modern work, and her husband often delighted in saying to those who sat near him, "My wife read that this morning." Count d'Angiviller, charmed with the graces of her mind, paid assiduous court to her, and, when she became the widow of M. de Marchais, married her. She was still living at Versailles in the early part of the reign of Napoleon, but never left her bed. She had retained her fondness for dress, and although unable to rise, always had her hair dressed as people used to wear it twenty years before that period. She disguised the ravages of time under a prodigious quantity of white and red paint, and seemed, by the feeble light which penetrated through her closed blinds and drawn curtains, nothing but a kind of doll—but a doll which spoke in a charming and most spirited manner. She had retained a very beautiful head of hair to an advanced age; it was said that the celebrated Count Saint-Germain, who had appeared at the Court of Louis XV. as one of the most famous alchemists of the day, had given her a liquor which preserved the hair and prevented it from turning white through age.

Louis XV. had, as it is well known, adopted the whimsical system of separating Louis de Bourbon from the King of France. As a private individual, he had his personal fortune, his own distinct financial interests. He used to deal as an individual in all the contracts and bargains he engaged in; he had bought a tolerably handsome house at the Parc-aux-Cerfs at Versailles, where he used to keep one of those obscure mistresses whom the indulgence or the policy of Madame de Pompadour tolerated so long as she herself retained the title of his declared mistress. After the King had relinquished this custom, he wished to sell the house. Sevin, first clerk of the War Office, offered to purchase it; the notary instructed to effect the sale informed the King of his proposals. The contract for the sale was made out between Louis de Bourbon and Pierre Sevin; and the King sent word to the purchaser to bring him the money himself in gold. The first clerk collected 40,000 francs in louis d'or, and being introduced by the notary of the King's private cabinet, delivered the purchase-money of the house into His Majesty's own hands.

Out of his private funds the King paid the household expenses of his mistresses, those of the education of his illegitimate daughters, who were brought up in convents at Paris, and their dowries when they married.

Men of the most dissolute manners are not, on that account, insensible to virtue in women. The Countess de Périgord was as beautiful as she was virtuous. During some excursions she made to Choisy, whither she had been invited, she perceived that the King took great notice of her. Her demeanour of chilling respect, her cautious perseverance in shunning all serious conversation with the monarch, were insufficient to extinguish this rising flame; and he at length addressed a letter to her worded in the most passionate terms. This excellent woman instantly formed her resolution: honour forbade her returning the King's passion, whilst her profound respect for the Sovereign made her unwilling to disturb his tranquillity. She therefore voluntarily banished herself to an estate she possessed, called Chalais, near Barbezieux, the mansion of which had been uninhabited for nearly a century; the porter's lodge was the only place in a condition to receive her. From this seat she wrote to His Majesty, explaining her motives for leaving Court; and she remained there several years without visiting Paris. Louis XV. was speedily attracted by other objects, and regained the composure to which Madame de Périgord had thought it her duty to make so great a sacrifice. Some years afterwards the Princesses' lady of honour died; many great families solicited the place. The King, without answering any of their applications, wrote to the Countess de Périgord: "My daughters have just lost their lady of honour; this place, madam, is your due, no less on account of your eminent virtues than of the illustrious name of your family."

Count d'Halville, sprung from a very ancient Swiss house, commenced his career at Versailles in the humble rank of ensign in the regiment of Swiss Guards. His name and distinguished qualities gained him the patronage of some powerful friends, who, in order to support the honour of the ancient name he bore by a handsome fortune, obtained for him in marriage the daughter of a very rich financier named M. de la Garde. The offspring of this union was an only daughter, who married Count Esterhazy. Amongst the estates which belonged to Mademoiselle de la Garde was

the Château des Trous, situate four leagues from Versailles, where the Count was visited by many people attached to the Court. The young ensign of the body-guards, who had obtained that rank on account of his name and of the favour which his family enjoyed, and possessed all the confidence which usually accompanies unmerited success, but of which the progress of time fortunately relieves young people, was one day taking it upon himself to give his opinion of the Swiss nobility, although he knew nothing of the great families of Switzerland. Without the least delicacy or consideration for the Count, his host, he asserted boldly that there were no ancient families in Switzerland. "Excuse me," said the Count very coolly, "there are several of great antiquity." "Can you name them, sir?" answered the youth. "Yes," said M. d'Halville; "for instance, there is my House, and that of Hapsburg, which now reigns in Germany." "Of course you have your reasons for naming your own family first," replied the imprudent ensign. "Yes, sir," said M. d'Halville, sternly; "because the House of Hapsburg dates from the period when its founder was page to my ancestors. Read history, study the antiquities of nations and families, and in future be more circumspect in your assertions."

Weak as Louis XV. was, the Parliaments would never have obtained his consent to the convocation of the States-General. I heard an anecdote on this subject from two officers attached to that Prince's household. It was at the period when the remonstrances of the Parliaments and the refusals to register the decrees for levying the taxes produced alarm with respect to the state of the finances. This became the subject of conversation one evening at the *coucher* of Louis XV., "You will see, Sire," said a courtier, whose office placed him in close communication with the King, "that all this will make it absolutely necessary to assemble the States-General." The King, roused by this speech from his habitual apathy, seized the courtier by the arm, and said to him in a passion, "Never repeat those words. I am not sanguinary; but had I a brother, and he were to dare to give me such advice, I would sacrifice him within twenty-four hours to the duration of the monarchy and the tranquillity of the kingdom."

*Natural causes of the Death of the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI., and of the Dauphiness, Princess of Saxony, in answer to all the reports spread by Soularie about poison.**

SEVERAL years prior to his death, the Dauphin had a confluent small-pox which endangered his life; and after his convalescence he was long troubled with a malignant ulcer under the nose. He was injudiciously advised to get rid of it by the use of extract of lead, which proved effectual; but from that time the Dauphin, who was corpulent, insensibly grew thin; and a short, dry cough evinced that the humour, driven in, had fallen on the lungs. Some persons also suspected him of having taken acids in too great a quantity for the purpose of reducing his bulk. The state of his health was not, however, such as to excite alarm at the time of the camp at Compiègne, in July, 1764. The Dauphin reviewed the troops, and exerted much activity in the performance of his duties; it was even observed that he was seeking to gain the attachment of the army. He presented the Dauphiness to the soldiers, saying, with a simplicity which at that time made a great sensation, "My children, here is my wife." Returning late on horseback to Compiègne, he found himself cold. The heat of the day had been excessive; the Prince's clothes had been wet with perspiration. An illness followed this accident; the Prince began to spit blood. His principal physician wished to have him bled; the consulting physicians insisted on purgation, and their advice was followed. The pleurisy being ill-cured, assumed and retained all the symptoms of consumption; the Dauphin languished from that period until December, 1765, and died at Fontainebleau, where the Court, on account of his condition, had prolonged its stay, which usually ended on the 2nd of November.

* We leave the title of this piece as it stands; but it is proper to remark that the reproach here applied to Soularie is not perfectly well founded. He has only done that which is the duty of every impartial chronicler. He has, indeed, stated the odious accusations which were made against the Duke de Choiseul, and which we believe to be unfounded; but at the same time he brings forward testimony in defence of the memory of M. de Choiseul which seems to us sufficiently protected by his character. The Duke de Choiseul disliked the Dauphin; he even defied him, which was wrong. His violent rage was undoubtedly reprehensible when he forgot himself so far as to say, "I may one day be condemned to the misfortune of being your subject, but I will never be your slave." But there is a wide interval between this audacious fury of the moment, and the blackest of crimes: an interval which M. de Choiseul was incapable of passing.

The Dauphiness, his widow, was excessively afflicted, but the immoderate despair which characterised her grief induced many to suspect that the loss of the crown was an important part of the calamity she lamented. She long refused to eat enough to support life; she encouraged her tears to flow by placing portraits of the Dauphin in every retired part of her apartments. She had him represented pale and ready to expire, in a picture placed at the foot of her bed, under draperies of grey cloth, with which the chambers of the Princesses were always hung in court mournings. Their grand cabinet was hung with black cloth, with an alcove, a canopy, and a throne, on which they received compliments of condolence after the first period of the deep mourning. The Dauphiness, some months before the end of her life, regretted her conduct in abridging it; but it was too late; the fatal blow had been struck. It may also be presumed that living with a consumptive man had contributed to her complaint. This Princess had no opportunity of displaying her qualities; living in a Court in which she was eclipsed by the King and Queen, the only characteristics that could be remarked in her were her extreme attachment to her husband and her great piety.

The Dauphin was little known, and his character has been much mistaken. He himself, as he confessed to his intimate friends, sought to disguise it. He one day asked one of his most familiar servants, "What do they say in Paris of that great fool of a Dauphin?" The person interrogated seeming confused, the Dauphin urged him to express himself sincerely, saying, "Speak freely; that is positively the idea which I wish people to form of me."

As he died of a disease which allows the last moment to be anticipated long beforehand, he wrote much, and transmitted his affections and his prejudices to his son by secret notes.¹ This was really what prevented the Queen from recalling M. de Choiseul at the death of Louis XV., and what promoted M. de Mury, the intimate friend of the Dauphin, to the place of Minister of War. The destruction of the Jesuits, effected by M. de Choiseul, had given the Dauphin's hatred of him that character of party spirit which induced him to transmit it to his son. Had he ascended the throne, he would have supported the Jesuits and priests in general, and kept down the philosophers. Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis XV., placed her highest merit in abstaining from public affairs and in the strict observance of her religious duties, never asking for anything for herself, and

¹ The *Historical Illustrations* (X) contain some particulars of the disposition and manners of Louis XVI. in his youth.

sending all she possessed to the poor. Such a life ought to secure a person against all danger of poison, but has not preserved the memory of this Princess from that venom which Soulavie makes the Duke de Choiseul deal around him indiscriminately.

ANECDOTES RELATIVE TO MARIA LECKZINSKA.¹

MARIA LECKZINSKA, wife of Louis XV., often spoke of the situation, even below mediocrity, in which she stood at the time when the policy of the Court of Versailles caused the marriage of the King with the young Infanta to be broken off, and raised a Polish Princess, daughter of a dethroned monarch, to the rank of Queen of France. Before this un-hoped-for event changed the destiny of this virtuous Princess, there had been some idea of marrying her to the Duke d'Estrées; and when the Duchess of that name came to pay her court to her at Versailles, she said to those who surrounded her, "I might have been in that lady's place myself, and curtseying to the Queen of France." She used to relate that the King, her father, informed her of her elevation in a manner which might have made too strong an impression on her mind; that he had taken care, to avoid disturbing her tranquillity, to leave her in total ignorance of the first negotiations set on foot relative to her marriage; and that when all was definitely arranged and the ambassador arrived, her father went to her apartment, placed an arm-chair for her, had her set in it, and addressed her thus: "Allow me, madam, to enjoy a happiness which far overbalances all I have suffered; I wish to be the first to pay my respects to the Queen of France."

Maria Leckzinska was not handsome, but she possessed much intelligence, an expressive countenance, a simplicity of manner, and all the gracefulness of the Polish ladies. She loved the King, and found his first infidelities very grievous to endure. Nevertheless, the death of Madame de Châteauroux, whom she had known very young and who had even been honoured by her kindness, made a painful impression on her. This good Queen still suffered from the bad

¹ "In some esteemed Memoirs of the Reign of Maria Leckzinska it is said that she was to have been married to the Duke de Bourbon. I know not whether this be certain; but I can affirm that she has often conversed with Madame Campan, my mother-in-law, on the project of her marriage with the Duke d'Estrées."—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

effects of an early superstitious education. She was fearful of ghosts. The first night after she heard of this almost sudden death she could not sleep, and made one of her women sit up, who endeavoured to calm her restlessness by telling her stories, which she would in such cases call for, as children do with their nurses. This night nothing could overcome her wakefulness; her *femme de chambre*, thinking she was asleep, was leaving her bed on tiptoe; the slightest noise on the floor roused the Queen, who cried, "Whither are you going? Stay, go on with your story." As it was past two in the morning, this woman, whose name was Boirot, and who was somewhat unceremonious, said, "What can be the matter with Your Majesty to-night? Are you feverish? Shall I call up the physician?" "Oh! no, no, my good Boirot, I am not ill; but that poor Madame de Châteauroux—if she were to come again!" "Jesus, madam!" cried the woman, who had lost all patience, "if Madame de Châteauroux should come again, it certainly will not be Your Majesty that she will look for." The Queen burst into a fit of laughter at this observation, her agitation subsided, and she soon fell asleep.

The nomination of Madame le Normand d'Etioules, Marchioness de Pompadour, to the place of lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen, offended the dignity as well as the sensibility of this Princess. Nevertheless, the respectful homage paid by the Marchioness, the interest which certain great personages, who were candidates for her favour, had in procuring her an indulgent reception from Her Majesty, the respect of Maria Leckzinska for all the King's wishes, all conspired to secure her the Queen's favourable notice. Madame de Pompadour's brother received patents of high birth from His Majesty, and was appointed superintendent of the buildings and gardens. He often presented to Her Majesty, through the medium of his sister, the rarest flowers, pine-apples and early vegetables from the gardens of Trianon and Choisy. One day when the Marchioness came into the Queen's apartment, carrying a large basket of flowers, which she held in her two beautiful arms, without gloves, as a mark of respect, the Queen loudly declared her admiration of her beauty, and seemed as if she wished to defend the King's choice by praising her various charms in detail in a manner that would have been as suitable to a production of the fine arts as to a living being. After applauding the complexion, eyes and fine arms of the favourite with that haughty condescension which renders approbation more offensive than flattering, the Queen at length requested her to sing in the attitude in which she stood, being desirous of hearing the voice and musical talent by which the King's Court had been

charmed in the performances of the private apartments, and thus to combine the gratification of the ear with that of the eyes. The Marchioness, who still held her enormous basket, was perfectly sensible of something offensive in this request, and tried to excuse herself from singing. The Queen at last commanded her. She then exerted her fine voice in the solo of *Armida*, "At length he is in my power." The change in Her Majesty's countenance was so obvious that the ladies present at this scene had the greatest difficulty to keep theirs.

The Queen received visitors with much grace and dignity, but it is very common with the great to reiterate the same questions; a sterility of ideas is very excusable on public occasions, when there is so little to say. The lady of an ambassador, however, made Her Majesty feel that she did not choose to give way to her forgetfulness in matters concerning herself. This lady was pregnant, but, nevertheless, constantly appeared at the Queen's drawing-rooms, who never failed to ask her whether she was in the state alluded to, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, always enquired how many months of her time had elapsed. At length the lady, weary of the eternal repetition of the same question, and of the total forgetfulness which betrayed the insincerity of the Queen in pretending to take interest in her affairs, replied to the usual enquiry, "No, madam." This answer instantly recalled to Her Majesty's recollection those which the lady had so often given before. "How, madam," said she, "it appears to me that you have several times answered me that you were so. Have you been brought to bed?" "No, madam; but I was fearful of fatiguing Your Majesty by constantly repeating the same thing." This lady was from that day very coldly received by Maria Leckzinska and had Her Majesty possessed more influence the ambassador might have suffered for his wife's indiscretion. The Queen was affable and modest, but the more thankful she was in her heart to heaven for having placed her on the first throne in Europe, the more unwilling she was to be reminded of her elevation. This sentiment induced her to insist on the observation of all the forms of respect due to Royal birth; whereas in other Princes the consciousness of that birth often induces them to disdain the ceremonies of etiquette, and to prefer habits of ease and simplicity. There was a striking contrast in this respect between Maria Leckzinska and Marie Antoinette, as has been justly and generally thought. The latter unfortunate Queen carried her disregard of everything belong-

ing to the strict forms of etiquette too far.¹ One day, when the Maréchale de Mouchy was teasing her with questions relative to the extent to which she would allow the ladies the option of taking off or wearing their cloaks, and of pinning up the lappets of their caps or letting them hang down, the Queen replied to her, in my presence, "Arrange all those matters, madam, just as you please; but do not imagine that a Queen, born Archduchess of Austria, can attach that importance to them which might be felt by a Polish Princess who had become Queen of France."

The Polish Princess, in truth, never forgave the slightest deviation from the respect due to her person and to all belonging to her. The Duchess of —, a lady of her bed-chamber, who was of an imperious and irritable temper, often drew upon herself such petty slights as are constantly shown towards haughty and ill-natured people by the servants of Princes when they can justify those affronts by the plea of their duty or of the customs of the Court.

¹ Marie Antoinette has been so often reproached for having derogated from the strictness of old custom, that it is extremely necessary to answer this accusation, once for all, by facts. No Prince was ever more jealously observant of the laws of etiquette than Louis XIV., in whose latter years the prudery of Madame de Maintenon rather tended to increase than to weaken this inclination. Let those, therefore, who cannot excuse the slightest infraction of ceremony in Marie Antoinette compare her conduct with that of the Duchess of Burgundy.

"This Princess," says the Duchess d'Orleans in her Memoirs, "was often entirely alone in her château, unattended by any of her people; she would take the arm of one of the young ladies, and walk out without equerries, lady of honour or tire-woman. At Marly and Versailles she went on foot without a corset; would go into the church and sit down by the *femmes de chambre*. At Madame de Maintenon's no distinction of rank was observed, and the whole company seated themselves indiscriminately; she contrived this purposely that her own rank might not be remarked. At Marly the Dauphiness walked in the garden all night with the young people until three or four in the morning. The King knew nothing of these nocturnal excursions."

Is not this clear and positive enough? Whence then the blame so unjustly thrown on Marie Antoinette, whilst a profound silence is maintained respecting the imprudence, to say no worse, of the Duchess of Burgundy? It is because the excessive mildness of Louis XVI. encouraged audacity and calumny amongst the courtiers, whilst under Louis XIV., on the contrary, the most prompt chastisement would have been the lot of any daring individual who had ventured to point his malignant slanders at a personage placed near the throne. The Duchess d'Orleans makes this sufficiently evident. "Madame de Maintenon," she adds, "had prohibited the Duchess du Lude from annoying the Duchess of Burgundy, that she might not put her in an ill-humour, because when out of temper the Dauphiness could not divert the King. She had also threatened with her eternal anger whomsoever should dare to accuse the Dauphiness to His Majesty."

—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Etiquette, or indeed I might say a sense of propriety, prohibited all persons from laying things belonging to them on the seats of the Queen's chamber. At Versailles one had to cross this chamber to reach the play-room. The Duchess de — laid her cloak on one of the folding-stools which stood before the balustrade of the bed. The usher of the chamber, whose duty it was to attend to whatever occurred in this room, whilst they were at play, saw this cloak, took it and carried it into the footman's ante-chamber. The Queen had a large favourite cat, which was constantly running about the apartments. This satin cloak, lined with fur, appeared very convenient to the cat, who took possession of it accordingly. Unfortunately, he left very unpleasant marks of his preference, which remained but too evident on the white satin of the pelisse, in spite of all the pains that were taken to efface them before it was given to the Duchess. She perceived them, took the cloak in her hand, and returned in a violent passion to the Queen's chamber, where Her Majesty remained surrounded by almost all the Court. "Only see, madam," said she, "the impertinence of *your people*, who have thrown my pelisse on a bench in the ante-chamber, where Your Majesty's cat has served it in this manner." The Queen, displeased at her complaints and familiar expressions, said to her, with the coldest look imaginable, "Know, madam, that it is you, not I, who keep *people*; I have officers of my chamber who have purchased the honour of serving me, and are persons of good breeding and education. They know the dignity which ought to belong to a lady of the bed-chamber; they are not ignorant that you, who have been chosen from amongst the first ladies of the kingdom, ought to be accompanied by a gentleman, or at least a *valet de chambre* as his substitute, to receive your cloak, and that had you observed the forms suitable to your rank you would not have been exposed to the mortification of seeing your things thrown on the benches of the ante-chamber."

I have read in several works written on the life of Queen Maria Leckzinska that she possessed great talents. Her religious, noble and resigned conduct, and the refinement and judiciousness of her understanding, sufficiently prove that her august father had promoted with the most tender care the development of all those excellent qualities with which Heaven had endowed her.

The virtues and information of the great are always evinced by their conduct. Their accomplishments, coming

within the scope of flattery, are never to be ascertained by any authentic proofs, and those who have lived near them may be excused for some degree of scepticism with regard to their attainments of this kind. If they draw or paint, there is always an able artist present, who, if he does not absolutely guide the pencil with his own hand, directs it by his advice. He sets the palette, and mixes the colours on which the tones depend. If a Princess attempt a piece of embroidery in colours, of that description which ranks amongst the productions of the arts, a skilful embroideress is employed to undo and repair whatever has been spoilt, and to cover the neglected tints with new threads. If a Princess be a musician, there are no ears that will discover when she is out of tune; at least there is no tongue that will tell her so. This imperfection in the accomplishments of the great is but a slight misfortune. It is sufficiently meritorious in them to engage in such pursuits, even with indifferent success, because this taste and the protection it extends produce abundance of talent on every side. The Queen delighted in the art of painting, and imagined she herself could draw and paint. She had a drawing-master, who passed all his time in her cabinet. She undertook to paint four large Chinese pictures, with which she wished to ornament her private drawing-room, already richly furnished with rare porcelain and the finest marbles. This painter was entrusted with the landscape and background of the pictures. He drew the figures with a pencil. The faces and arms were also left by the Queen to his execution. She reserved to herself nothing but the draperies and the least important accessories. The Queen every morning filled up the outline marked out for her with a little red, blue or green colour, which the master prepared on the palette and with which he even filled her pencil, constantly repeating, "Higher up, madam—lower down, madam—a little to the right—more to the left." After an hour's work, the time for hearing Mass or some other family or pious duty would interrupt Her Majesty; and the painter, putting the shades into the draperies she had painted, softening off the colour where she had laid too much, &c., finished the small figures. When the work was completed, the private drawing-room was decorated with Her Majesty's work; and the firm persuasion of this good Queen that she had painted it herself was so entire that she left this cabinet, with all its furniture and paintings, to the Countess de Noailles, her lady of honour. She added to the bequest, "The pictures in my cabinet, being my own work, I hope the Countess de Noailles will preserve them for my sake." Madame de Noailles, afterwards Maréchale de Mouchy, had

a new additional pavilion constructed in her hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, in order to form a suitable receptacle for the Queen's legacy, and had the following inscription placed over the door in letters of gold: "The innocent falsehood of a good Princess."

The Queen had selected as her intimate friends the Duke, the Duchess and the worthy Cardinal de Luynes. She called them her good folks. She often did the Duchess the honour to spend the evening and sup with her. The President Hénault was the charm of this pious and virtuous society. This magistrate combined the weighty qualifications of his functions in society with the attainments of a man of letters and the polish of a courtier. The Queen one day surprised the Duchess writing to the President, who had just published his "Chronological Abridgment of the History of France." She took the pen from Madame de Luynes, and wrote at the bottom of the letter this postscript: "I think that M. de Hénault, who says a great deal in few words, cannot be very partial to the language of women, who use a vast number of words to say very little." Instead of signing this, she added, "Guess who." The President answered this anonymous epistle by these ingenious lines:

"This sentence, written by a heavenly hand,
Fills with perplexing doubts my conscious mind;
Presumptuous, if I dare to understand;
Ungrateful, if I fail the truth to find."

One evening the Queen, having entered the cabinet of the Duke de Luynes, took down several books successively to read the titles. A translation of Ovid's "Art of Love" having fallen into her hands, she replaced it hastily, exclaiming, "Oh, fie!" "How, madam," said the President; "is that the way in which Your Majesty treats the art of pleasing?" "No, Monsieur Hénault," answered the Queen, "I should esteem the art of pleasing; it is the art of seducing that I throw from me."

Madame de Civrac, daughter of the Duke d'Aumont, lady of honour to the Princesses, belonged to this intimate circle of the Queen's. Her virtues and amiable character pro-

1 "Ces mots, tracés par une main divine,
Ne peuvent me causer que trouble et qu'embarras:
C'est trop oser, si mon cœur les devine;
C'est être ingrat, s'il ne les devine pas."

cured her equal esteem and affection in that connection, and in her family, from which a premature death removed her. The President Hénault paid her a respectful homage, or rather, delighted in being the medium of that which this distinguished circle eagerly rendered to her talents, her virtues and her sufferings. Some time before the death of Madame de Civrac she was ordered to try the mineral waters; she left Versailles much debilitated and in very bad health. The wish to amuse her during a journey which removed her to a distance from all that was dear to her, inspired the President with the idea of an entertainment, which was given to her at every place she stopped to rest. Her friends set out before her, in order to be a few posts in advance and prepare their disguises. When she stopped at Bernis the interesting traveller found a group of lords dressed in the costume of ancient French knights, accompanied by the best musicians of the King's chapel. They sang Madame de Civrac some stanzas composed by the President, the first of which began thus:

"Can naught your cruel flight impede?
Must distant climes your charms adore?
Why thus to other conquests speed,
And leave our hearts, enslaved before?"

At Nemours the same persons, dressed as village swains and nymphs, presented her with a rural scene, in which they invited her to enjoy the simple pleasures of the country. Elsewhere they appeared as burgesses and their wives, with the bailiff and town clerk; and these disguises, continually varied and enlivened by the amiable ingenuity of the President, followed Madame de Civrac as far as the watering-place to which she was going. I read this ingenious and affecting entertainment when I was young; I know not whether the manuscript has been preserved by the heirs of the President Hénault. The candour and religious simplicity of the good Cardinal formed a striking contrast to the gallant and agreeable character of the President; and people would sometimes divert themselves with his simplicity, without forgetting the respect due to him. One of these instances, however, produced such happy results as to justify the good Cardinal in a singular misapplication of his well-meant piety. Unwilling to forget the homilies which he had composed in his youth, and as jealous of his

1 "Quoi! vous partez sans que rien vous arrête!
Vous allez plaître en de nouveaux climats!
Pourquoi voler de conquête en conquête?
Nos cœurs soumis ne suffisent-ils pas?"

works as the Archbishop of Granada, who discharged Gil Blas, the Cardinal used to rise at five in the morning every Sunday during the residence of the Court at Fontainebleau (which town was in his diocese), and go to officiate at the parish church, where, mounting the pulpit, he repeated one of his homilies, all of which had been composed to exhort people of rank and fashion to return to the primitive simplicity suitable to true Christians. A few hundred peasants sitting on their sabots, surrounded by the baskets in which they had carried vegetables or fruit to market, listened to His Eminence without understanding a single word of what he was saying to them. Some people belonging to the Court, happening to go to Mass previous to setting out for Paris, heard His Eminence exclaiming, with truly pastoral vehemence, "My dear brethren, why do you carry luxury even to the foot of the sanctuary? Wherefore are these velvet cushions, these bags covered with laces and fringe, carried before you into the temple of the Lord? Abandon these sumptuous and magnificent customs, which you ought to regard as a cumbrous appendage to your rank, and to put away from you when you enter the presence of your Divine Saviour." The fashionable hearers of these homilies mentioned them at Court; everyone wished to hear them; ladies of the highest rank would be awakened at break of day to hear the Cardinal say Mass; and thus His Eminence was speedily surrounded by a congregation to which his homilies were perfectly adapted.

Maria Leckzinska could never look with cordiality on the Princess of Saxony, who married the Dauphin; but the attention, respect and cautious behaviour of the Dauphiness at length made Her Majesty forget that the Princess was daughter to a King who wore her father's crown. Nevertheless, when the great entertain a deep resentment, some marks of it will occasionally be observed by those who constantly surround them; and, although the Queen now saw in the Princess of Saxony only a wife beloved by her son, and the mother of the Prince destined to succeed to the throne, she never could forget that Augustus wore the crown of Stanislaus. One day an officer of her chamber having undertaken to ask a private audience of her for the Saxon minister, and the Queen being unwilling to grant it, he persisted in his request, and ventured to add that he should not have ventured to ask this favour of the Queen had not the minister been the ambassador of a member of the family. "Say of an *enemy* of the family," replied the Queen, angrily; "and let him come in."

The Queen was very partial to the Princess de Tallard, governess of the children of France. This lady, having attained an advanced age, came to take leave of Her Majesty, and to acquaint her with the resolution she had taken to quit the world and to place an interval between her life and dissolution. The Queen expressed much regret, endeavoured to dissuade her from this scheme, and, much affected at the thoughts of the sacrifice on which the Princess had determined, asked her whither she intended to retire: "To the *entresols* of my hotel, madam," answered Madame de Tallard.

Count Tessé, father of the last Count of that name, who left no children, was first equerry to Queen Maria Leckzinska. She esteemed his virtues, but often diverted herself at the expense of his simplicity. One day, when the conversation turned on the noble military actions by which the French nobility were distinguished, the Queen said to the Count, "And your family, M. de Tessé, has been famous, too, in the field." "Ah! madam, we have all been killed in our masters' service!" "How rejoiced I am," replied the Queen, "that you are left to tell me of it." The son of this worthy M. de Tessé was married to the amiable and highly-gifted daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, afterwards Marshal de Noailles; he was excessively fond of his daughter-in-law, and never could speak of her without emotion. The Queen, to please him, often talked to him about the young Countess; and one day asked him which of her good qualities seemed to him most conspicuous. "Her gentleness, madam; her gentleness," said he, with tears in his eyes; "she is so mild, so soft—as soft as a good carriage." "Well," said Her Majesty, "that's an excellent comparison for a first equerry."

In 1730 Queen Maria Leckzinska, going to Mass, met old Marshal Villars leaning on a wooden crutch not worth fifteen pence; she rallied him about it, and the Marshal told her that he had used it ever since he had received a wound which obliged him to add this article to the equipments of the army. Her Majesty, smiling, said she thought this crutch so unworthy of him that she hoped to induce him to give it up. On returning home she despatched M. Campan to Paris, with orders to purchase at the celebrated Germain's the handsomest cane, with a gold enamelled crutch, that he could find, and carry it without delay to Marshal Villars' hotel, and present it to him from her. He was announced

accordingly, and fulfilled his commission. The Marshal, in attending him to the door, requested him to express his gratitude to the Queen, and said that he had nothing fit to offer to an officer who had the honour to belong to Her Majesty, but he begged him to accept of his old stick, and that his grandchildren would probably some day be glad to possess the cane with which he had commanded at Marchiennes and Denain. The known character of Marshal Villars appears in this anecdote; but he was not mistaken with respect to the estimation in which his stick would be held. It was thenceforth kept with veneration by M. Campan's family. On the 10th of August, 1792, a house which I occupied on the Carrousel, at the entrance of the court of the Tuileries, was pillaged and nearly burnt down; the cane of Marshal Villars was thrown into the Carrousel, as of no value, and picked up by my servant. Had its old master been living at that period we should not have witnessed such a deplorable day.

The Queen's father died in consequence of being severely burnt by his fireside. Like almost all old men, he disliked those attentions which imply the decay of the faculties, and had ordered a *valet de chambre* who wished to remain near him to withdraw into the adjoining room; a spark set fire to a taffety dressing-gown, wadded with cotton, which his daughter had sent him. The poor old Prince, who entertained hopes of recovering from the frightful state into which this accident reduced him, wished to inform the Queen of it himself, and wrote her a letter evincing the mild gaiety of his disposition, as well as the courage of his soul, in which he said, "What consoles me is the reflection that I am burning for you." To the last moment of her life Maria Leckzinska never parted with this letter, and her women often surprised her kissing a paper, which they concluded to be this last farewell of Stanislaus.¹

¹ This anecdote does honour to the heart and filial piety of Maria Leckzinska. That Princess was equally gifted with wit and sensibility, if we may judge by many expressions which fell from her lips in conversation, and which have been collected by the Abbé Proyart. Many of them are remarkable for the depth of thought they display, and frequently for an ingenious and lively turn of expression.

"We should not be great but for the little. We ought to be so only for their good."—(Page 240.)

"To be vain of one's rank is to declare oneself beneath it."—(*Ibid.*)

"A King who enforces respect to God has no occasion to command homage to be paid to himself."—(*Ibid.*)

"The mercy of Kings is to do justice, and the justice of Queens is to exercise mercy."—(Page 241.)

ANECDOTES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XVI. AND OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

IN a tranquil and happy Court, such as Versailles was previous to the fatal period of the Revolution, the most trifling events engage attention, and those that are uncommon afford a particular delight. In the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., a person who associated with the Duchess de Cossé, the Queen's dresser, discovered, in a village near Marly, a female living retired in a cottage more neatly arranged and better furnished than those of the other peasants in the vicinity. She had a cow, which, however, she knew not how to milk, and requested her neighbours to render her that service. One thing seemed still more surprising: it was a library of about two hundred volumes, which formed the principal ornament of her retreat. The Duchess spoke of this interesting recluse to the Queen. By her account she was a "Sarah Th——," like the heroine of a novel which the Chevalier de Saint-Lambert had just published at the conclusion of the poem of the Seasons.

For several days nothing was talked of but this Sarah of Marly; it was observed that she was only known in the village by the name of Marguerite; that she went to Paris but twice a year, and alone; that she seldom spoke to her neighbours, unless to thank them for any little services they had rendered her; that she regularly heard low Mass on Sundays and holidays, but was not religious; that the works of Racine, Voltaire and Jean-Jacques had been seen in her cottage. At length the interest thus excited increased to such a degree that Marie Antoinette desired to be acquainted with the object of it, and directed her ride towards the place of her retreat. The Queen quitted her carriage before she reached the village, and, taking the arm of the Duchess de Cossé, entered the cottage. "Good day, Marguerite," she said; "your cottage

"Good Kings are slaves, and their subjects are free."—(*Ibid.*)

"Content seldom travels with fortune, but follows virtue even in adversity."—(*Ibid.*)

"Solitude can be delightful only to the innocent."—(*Ibid.*)

"To consider oneself great on account of rank and wealth is to imagine that the pedestal makes the hero."—(*Ibid.*)

"Many Princes when dying have lamented having made war. We hear of none who at that moment have regretted having loved peace."—(*Ibid.*)

"Sensible people judge of a head by what it contains; frivolous women by what is on the outside of it."—(Page 245.)

"Courtiers cry out to us, 'Give us, without reckoning!' and the people, 'Reckon what we give you!'"

is extremely pretty." "Nothing to speak of, madam; but I keep it neat." "Your furniture is good." "I brought it from Paris when I came to fix myself here." "They say you go there very little?" "I have no occasion." "You have a cow that you do not attend to yourself?" "My health requires me to drink a good deal of milk; and, having always lived in town, I am unable to milk my cow, and my neighbours do me this service." "You have books?" "As you see, madam." "What, Voltaire!" said the Queen, taking up a volume of that author; "have you read the whole of his works?" "I have read those volumes which I possess, 'The Age of Louis XIV.,' 'The Reign of Charles XII.,' 'The Henriade,' and his tragedies." "What taste in the selection!" exclaimed the Duchess; "it is really surprising! You read a great deal, it is said." "I have nothing better to do; I like it; it kills time, and the evenings are long." "How did you obtain these books?" resumed the Queen; "did you purchase them?" "No, madam," replied Marguerite, "I was housekeeper to a physician, who died and left me by will his furniture, his books and an annuity of eight hundred livres from the Hôtel de Ville, which I go to receive every half-year." The Queen was highly amused at seeing all the reports about the recluse of Marly overturned by a narrative so simple and so little deserving of attention.

The new "Sarah Th——" was, in fact, a retired cook.

Marie Antoinette while she was yet Dauphiness could ill endure the yoke of etiquette. The Abbé de Vermond had in some degree contributed to encourage this disposition in her. When she became Queen he endeavoured openly to induce her to shake off the restraints, the ancient origin of which she still respected. If he chanced to enter her apartment at the time she was preparing to go out, "For whom," he would say in a tone of raillery, "for whom is this detachment of warriors which I found in the Court? Is it some general going to inspect his army? Does all this military display become a young Queen adored by her subjects?" He would take this opportunity to call to her mind the simplicity with which Maria Theresa lived; the visits she made without guards or even attendants to the Prince d'Esterhazy, to the Count de Palfi, to pass whole days there far from the fatiguing ceremonies of the Crown. The Abbé thus flattered with baleful address the inclination of Marie Antoinette. He showed her by what expedients she might disguise even from herself her aversion for the haughty but venerated habits followed by the descendants of Louis XIV.

The theatre, that fruitful and convenient resource of shallow minds, was the constant source of conversation at Court.¹ It was invariably the subject of discourse at the Queen's toilette. She wished to be informed of everything that occurred at a performance when she had not been present. The question "Was it well attended?" was never omitted. I have seen more than one courteous Duke reply, with a bow, "There was not even a cat." This did not mean, as might be thought, that the theatre was empty; it was even possible that it might be full; but in that case it expressed that it was only filled with financiers, honest citizens and gentry from the country. The nobility—I should rather say the high nobility—knew none but their equals. It was necessary to have been presented to be admitted to their society. There were, moreover, among persons of this class a privileged few; these were called persons of quality, and the persons of quality, who lived at Versailles and who were admitted to the King and Queen, were not without some feeling of contempt for those who only paid their respects once a week. Under these circumstances, a woman of quality who had been presented, and who was of the most illustrious family, might be disdainfully classed among those who were called "Sunday ladies."

The retirement of Madame Louise and her removal from Court had only served to give her up entirely to the intrigues of the clergy. She received incessant visits from bishops, archbishops and ambitious priests of every rank; she prevailed on the King her father to grant many ecclesiastical preferments, and probably looked forward to play an important part at the time when the King, weary of his pleasures and his licentious course of life, should begin to think of his salvation. This, perhaps, might have been the case had not a sudden and unexpected death put an end to his career. The project of Madame Louise fell to the ground in consequence of this event. She remained in her convent, from whence she continued to solicit favours, as I could well ascertain from the complaints of the Queen, who often said to me, "Here is another letter from my aunt Louise. She

¹ A well-told story, a *bon mot*, an instance of laughable simplicity in a countryman, were also fortunate hits of which everyone hastened to avail himself. There were courtiers who were constantly in search of new incidents to relate, and it must be confessed that they had carried the agreeable art of narrating gracefully to a great extent. It was delightful to hear them; but, without possessing a talent equal to theirs, it was difficult to repeat what they had been telling; the tone and the style taken away, nothing remained.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

is certainly the most intriguing little Carmelite that exists in the kingdom." The Court went to visit her about three times a year; and I recollect that the Queen, intending to take her daughter there, ordered me to get a doll dressed like a Carmelite for her, that the young Princess might be accustomed, before she went into the convent, to the habit of her aunt the nun.

In a situation where ambition keeps every passion awake, a word, a single reflection, may give rise to prejudice and excite hatred, and I cannot help thinking that the known aversion that existed between the Queen and Madame de Genlis originated in a reply of Marie Antoinette to the Duchess d'Orleans respecting that lady. On the day for paying respects to the Queen after the birth of the Dauphin, the Duchess d'Orleans approached the couch to apologise for Madame de Genlis not appearing on an occasion when the whole Court hastened to congratulate Her Majesty on the birth of an heir. Indisposition had prevented her. The Queen replied that the Duchess de Chartres would have caused an apology to be made in such a case; that the celebrity of Madame de Genlis might, indeed, have caused her absence to be noticed, but that she was not of a rank to send an apology for it. This proceeding on the part of the Princess, influenced by the talents of the governess of her children, proves, at any rate, that at this time she still desired the regard and the friendship of the Queen; and from this very moment unfavourable reflections on the habits and inclinations of the Sovereign, and sharp criticisms on the works and the conduct of the female author, were continually interchanged between Marie Antoinette and Madame de Genlis. At least, I am sure that the songs and epigrams that appeared against the governess of the Duke d'Orleans' children never failed to be brought to the Queen; and it is most likely that the malice of courtiers transmitted with equal rapidity to the Palais Royal all that might have been said in the Queen's apartments to the disadvantage of Madame de Genlis.

M. de Maurepas died on the 21st of November, one month after the birth of the Dauphin. The King seemed much affected at this loss. Whatever might be the indifference and levity of this guide, habit had rendered him necessary. The King denied himself, at the time of his

death, several gratifications, such as the chase and a dinner-party at Brunoy with Monsieur. He visited him several times when ill, and showed marks of real sensibility. M. de Vergennes, without inheriting the title of Prime Minister, completely occupied the place of M. de Maurepas about the King.¹ Political historians will decide on his talents and the errors which M. de Vergennes may have committed. But plain reason has led me to give him credit for having contrived to conceal the weakness of his master's character from the eyes of all Europe. It cannot be denied that as long as he lived he covered Louis XVI. with a veil of respectability, of which the King seemed immediately deprived on the death of this minister.²

¹ See among the *Illustrations* (M) some historical particulars of the means used by M. de Maurepas to maintain himself in the administration and to render the Duke de Choiseul more and more odious to Louis XVI.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

² "The manners of this minister," says Rhulière in an article relating to M. de Vergennes, "were neither amiable nor polished, but sufficiently imposing. And why? Because every man who can seclude himself in the midst of a Court and make his indifference for women and ostentation pass for a virtue resulting from reflection; who can assume the grave exterior of a man of application, and obtain the reputation of being free from all kind of shuffling, will create the belief that he is devoted to public affairs, and never for an instant neglects the business of the State. M. de Vergennes had acquired this reputation so completely that, in one of those humorous conceits invented at Court as a refuge from *ennui*, he was figured as borne down by the pressure of labour. It was intended to represent the ministers and other distinguished personages in masquerade. The Queen was to guess and discover the masks. The Count de Vergennes was represented bearing the globe on his head, a map of America on his breast, and that of England on his back. There are ministers who might be pictured holding in their hands the girdle of Venus and playing with the quiver of her son.

"Upon another occasion a lady of the Court, old and ill-favoured, having approached the King's table dressed with more splendour than became her age and person, Monsieur asked her what she wanted. 'Ah! what do I want? I wish to beseech the King to obtain for me an audience from M. de Vergennes.' The King, joining heartily in the laugh with those around him, promised the old lady to procure her an interview with the minister before she died.

"These events, however trifling they may appear, disclose what was the state of opinion, particularly at Court, where even their sports are never without some aim, some malicious points." (See Note N.)

Rhulière adds, some pages further on: "The Duke de Choiseul possessed great talents; M. Turgot, much information; M. de Vergennes, an imposing mediocrity; M. de Maupeou, a despotic firmness; M. de Calonne, an unpardonable degree of complaisance."

This portrait of M. de Vergennes is, in general, too satirical, and we do not think that the reproach of mediocrity has any foundation. But a more serious charge is made against him: that of having consented to the treaty which ruined our manufactures.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Winter of 1788.

The gratitude of the Parisians for the succours poured forth by the King and Queen was very lively and sincere. The snow was so abundant that since that period there has never been seen such a prodigious quantity in France. In different parts of Paris pyramids and obelisks of snow were erected, with inscriptions expressive of the gratitude of the people. The pyramid in the Rue d'Angiviller was particularly deserving of attention: it was supported by a base of five or six feet high by twelve broad; it rose to the height of fifteen feet, and was terminated by a globe. Four posts placed at the angles corresponded with the obelisk, and gave it an appearance not devoid of elegance. Several inscriptions in honour of the King and Queen were affixed to it.

I went to see this singular monument, and recollect the following inscription:

"TO MARIE ANTOINETTE.

"Lovely and good, to tender pity true,
Queen of a virtuous King, this trophy view;
Cold ice and snow sustain its form,
But every grateful heart to thee is warm.
Oh, may this tribute in your hearts excite,
Illustrious pair, more pure and real delight
(Whilst thus your virtues are sincerely praised)
Than pompous domes by servile flattery raised."

The theatres generally rang with praises of the beneficence of the Sovereigns. *La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.* was represented for the benefit of the poor. The receipts were very considerable, and the audience vehemently called for the repetition of the following verses:

"A virtuous King's benignant reign
Relieves the sufferings of the poor;
The Queen and all her brilliant train
Drive sorrow from the cottage door;
The sons of labour cease their cries,
Nor dread disease or famine's sting;
The country with the palace vies
To celebrate our bounteous King."

I have not inserted these lines for their literary merit, but as showing the opinion most commonly entertained in

1 Once, during the absence of the King, M. d'Angiviller caused an unfrequented room in the interior apartments to be repaired. This repair cost 30,000 francs. The King, being informed of the expense on his return, made the palace resound with exclamations and complaints against M. d'Angiviller. "I could have made thirty families happy," said Louis XVI.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Paris with respect to the King and Queen, just five years before the general and fatal shock which the French monarchy suffered.

In order, then, to produce so complete a change in the long-cherished love of the people for their rulers, it required the union of the principles of the new philosophy with the enthusiasm for liberty imbibed in the plains of America; and that this eagerness for change and this enthusiasm should be seconded by the weakness of the monarch, the incessant corruption of English gold, and by projects, either of revenge or of ambition, in the Duke d'Orleans. Let it not be thought that this accusation is founded on what has been so often repeated by the heads of the French Government since the Revolution. Twice, between the 14th of July, 1789, and the 6th of October in the same year, the day on which the Court was dragged to Paris, the Queen prevented me from making little excursions thither of business or pleasure, saying to me, "Do not go on such a day to Paris; the English have been scattering gold; we shall have some disturbance."

The repeated visits of this Prince to England had excited the Anglomania to such a pitch that Paris was no longer distinguishable from London. The French, constantly imitated by the whole of Europe, became on a sudden a nation of imitators, without considering the evils that arts and manufactures must suffer in consequence of the change. Since the treaty of commerce made with England at the peace of 1783, not merely equipages, but everything, even to ribbons and common earthenware, were of English make. If this predominance of English fashions had been confined to filling our drawing-rooms with young men in English frock-coats instead of the French dress, good taste and commerce might alone have suffered; but the principles of English government had taken possession of these young heads—*Constitution, Upper House, Lower House, National guarantee, balance of power, Great Charter, Law of Habeas Corpus*; all these words were incessantly repeated, rarely understood; but they were of fundamental importance to a party which was then forming.

The taste for dress which the Queen had indulged during the first years of her reign had given way to a love of simplicity, carried even to an impolitic extent, the splendour and magnificence of the throne being in France to a certain degree inseparable from the interests of the nation.

Except on those days when the assemblies at Court were particularly attended, such as the 1st of January and the 2nd of February, devoted to the procession of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and on the festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas, the Queen no longer wore any dresses but muslin or white Florentine taffety. Her head-dress was merely a hat—the plainest were preferred; and her diamonds never quitted their caskets but for the dresses of ceremony, confined to the days I have mentioned.

The Queen was not yet five-and-twenty, and already began to apprehend that she might be induced to make too frequent use of flowers and of ornaments, which at that time were exclusively reserved for youth.

Mademoiselle Bertin having brought a wreath composed of roses for the head and neck, the Queen, in trying them, was fearful that the brightness of the flowers might be disadvantageous to her complexion. She was unquestionably too severe upon herself, her beauty having as yet experienced no alteration—it is easy to conceive the concert of praise and compliment that replied to the doubt she had expressed. The Queen, approaching me, conceived the idea of promising to refer to my judgment the time when she should abandon the use of flowers in the way of ornament. "Think well of it," said she; "I charge you from this day to give me notice when flowers shall cease to become me." "I shall do no such thing," I replied immediately; "I have not read Gil Blas without profiting in some degree from it, and I find Your Majesty's order too much like that given him by the Archbishop of Granada to warn him of the moment when he should begin to fall off in the composition of his homilies." "Go!" said the Queen; "you are less sincere than Gil Blas; and I would have been more liberal than the Archbishop of Granada."

The indiscreet zeal of courtiers is frequently prejudicial to the true interests of Princes. An erroneous proceeding on the part of M. Augeard, secretary to the *Queen's orders*, and farmer of the revenue, had greatly contributed to make it publicly believed that the Queen disposed of all the offices of finance. He had required the committee of farmers-general, without any authority to that effect, to inform him of the vacancies in any of the offices at all lucrative, assuring them that they would be acting in a manner very agreeable to the wishes of the Queen. The members of the committee acceded to this demand of M. Augeard, but not without complaining of it at their different meetings. The Queen at

first only attributed to the zeal of her secretary the care he took to inform her of every vacancy; but when she became acquainted with the proceeding he had adopted in the society he belonged to, she highly disapproved of it, caused this to be made known to the farmers of the revenue, and abstained from asking for financial situations. At the last lease of the taxes renewed by M. de Calonne she made but one request of this kind, and that was as a marriage portion to a young woman of family among her attendants. There was, however, at this period a great number of important situations to dispose of. Deeply afflicted at seeing the general conviction that the Queen disposed of all employments without distinction, and having had information of some who were deprived of places to which they had good claims, under the pretext of demands made by the Queen, I advised them to write to Her Majesty to entreat her to let them know if she had asked for the situations to which they had just pretensions. The Queen was well satisfied with the confidence these individuals had placed in her, and caused an official answer to be returned to them, "that she had made no demand of the places they were soliciting, and that she authorised them to make use of her letter." These persons obtained the situations they desired.

There was frequently seen in the gardens and the apartments at Versailles a veteran captain of the grenadiers of France, called the Chevalier d'Orville, who, during four years, had been soliciting of the Minister of War a majority, or the post of King's lieutenant. He was known to be very poor, but he supported his lot without ever complaining of this vexatious delay in rewarding his honourable services. He attended regularly upon the Marshal de Ségur, at the hour appointed by the minister for receiving the numerous solicitations in his department. One day the Marshal said to him, "You are still at Versailles, M. d'Orville?" "Sir," replied this brave officer, "you may observe that by this board of the flooring, where I regularly place myself; it is already worn down several lines by the weight of my body." This reply was circulated at Versailles; I heard of it.

The Queen frequently stood at the window of her bed-chamber to observe with her glass the people who were walking in the park. Sometimes she enquired of her attendants the names of those persons who were unknown to her. One day she saw the Chevalier d'Orville passing, and asked me the name of that knight of Saint-Louis, whom she had seen everywhere and for a long time past. I knew

who he was, and related his history. "That must be put an end to," said the Queen, with some degree of vivacity. "With all due deference to our Court patrons, such an example of indifference is calculated to discourage the military: a man may be extremely brave and yet have no protector." "That affair will be settled whenever Your Majesty shall please to take it in hand," I replied. "Yes, yes," said the Queen without explaining herself further, and she turned her glass towards some other persons who were walking. The next day, in crossing the gallery to go to Mass, the Queen perceived the Chevalier d'Orville. She stopped and went directly towards him. The poor man fell back in the recess of a window, looking to the right and left to discover the person towards whom the Queen was directing her steps, when she addressed him: "M. d'Orville, you have been several years at Versailles, soliciting a majority or a King's lieutenantancy. You must have very powerless patrons." "I have none, madam," replied the Chevalier, in great confusion. "Well! I will take you under my protection. To-morrow, at the same hour, be here with a petition and a memorial of your services." A fortnight after M. d'Orville was appointed King's lieutenant, either at La Rochelle or at Rochefort.¹

The genuine sensibility of the Queen furnished her upon the instant with the most flattering and honourable expres-

1 It seems that Louis XVI. vied with his Queen in benevolent actions of this kind. An old officer had in vain solicited a pension during the administration of the Duke de Choiseul. He had returned to the charge in the times of the Marquis de Monteynard and the Duke d'Aiguillon. He had urged his claims to Count de Muy, who had made a note of them, with the best intentions in the world to serve him; but the effect did not correspond with the minister's wishes. Tired of so many fruitless efforts, he at last appeared at the King's supper, and having placed himself so as to be seen and heard, cried out, at a moment when silence prevailed, "*Sire!*" The people near him said, "What are you about? That is not the way to speak to the King." "I fear nothing," said he; and, raising his voice, repeated, "*Sire!*" The King, much surprised, looked at him and said, "What do you want, sir?" "Sire," answered he, "I am seventy years of age; I have served my King more than fifty years, and I am dying of want." "Have you a memorial?" replied the King. "Yes, Sire, I have." "Give it to me;" and His Majesty took it without saying anything more. The next morning an exempt of the guards was sent by the King into the great gallery to look for the officer, who was walking there. The exempt said to him, "The King desires to see you, sir;" and he was immediately conducted into the King's closet. His Majesty said, "Sir, I grant you an annuity of 1,500 livres out of my privy purse; and you may go and receive the first year's payment, which is become due." ("Secret Correspondence of the Court: Reign of Louis XVI.")—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

sions towards those she esteemed. When M. Loustonneau, first surgeon to the Princes of France, was appointed to the reversion of the situation of M. Andouillé, first surgeon to the King, he came, at the Queen's breakfast hour, to make his acknowledgments. This worthy man was generally beloved at Versailles; he had devoted himself to the care of the poorer class, and expended upon indigent invalids nearly 30,000 francs a year. His excessive modesty could not prevent such extensive charities from eventually becoming known. After receiving from the benevolent Loustonneau the homage of his gratitude, the Queen said to him, "You are satisfied, sir; but I am far from being so with the inhabitants of Versailles. Upon the news of the favour the King has just conferred on you the town should have been illuminated." And why so, madam? "said the first surgeon, with an air of anxious astonishment. "Ah!" replied the Queen, in a tone of sensibility, "if all the poor whom you have succoured for twenty years past had but each placed a single candle in their window, it would have been the most beautiful illumination ever witnessed."

The very day on which the King announced that he gave his assent to the convocation of the States-General, the Queen left the public dinner and placed herself in the recess of the first window of her bed-chamber, with her face towards the garden. Her chief butler followed her, to present her coffee, which she usually took standing as she was about to leave the table. She made me a sign to come near her. The King was engaged in conversation with someone in his room. When the attendant had served her he retired; and she addressed me, with the cup still in her hand, "Good God! what fatal news goes forth this day! The King assents to the convocation of the States-General." Then she added, raising her eyes to heaven, "I dread it; this important event is a first fatal signal of discord in France." She cast her eyes down; they were filled with tears. She could not take the remainder of her coffee, but handed me the cup and went to join the King. In the evening, when she was alone with me, she spoke only of this momentous decision. "It is the Parliament," said she, "that has reduced the King to the necessity of having recourse to a measure long considered as fatal to the repose of the kingdom. These gentlemen wish to restrain the power of the King; but this at least is certain, that they give a great shock to the authority of which they make so bad a use, and that they will bring on their own destruction. That, perhaps, is the only favourable view that can be taken of such an alarming proceeding."

Extract from different Letters of Madame Campan, First Femme de Chambre to the Queen, from the 5th of October to the 31st of December, 1789.

I know not whether I shall have strength to give you a description of the afflicting scenes that have lately taken place almost under my very eyes. My scattered senses are not yet collected, my dreams are horrid, my slumbers painful. My sister was with the Queen during the night of the 5th; I obtained from her part of the circumstances I am about to relate. When M. de la Fayette had left the King, saying that he was going to quarter his troops as well as he could, everyone in the palace hoped to enjoy the consolation of repose. The Queen herself went to bed, and when my sister had done waiting on her, she retired into the chamber immediately before the Queen's; there, giving way to accents of grief, she burst into tears, and said to her companions, "Is it a time to retire to bed when the town is occupied by thirty thousand troops, ten thousand ruffians, and two-and-forty pieces of cannon?" "Surely not," they replied; "we must not think of committing so great an error." They all, therefore, remained dressed, and took their rest reclining on their beds. It was then four o'clock. Exactly at six the host of ruffians, having forced the barriers, took their course towards Her Majesty's apartment. My sister was the first who heard these dreadful words: "*Save the Queen.*" The body-guard who pronounced them received thirteen wounds at the very door from whence he gave us the alarm. Had the Queen's women gone to bed Her Majesty would have been lost; they had only time to rush into her chamber, snatch her out of bed, throw a covering over her, carry her into the King's apartment, and close in the best manner they could the door of the gallery that leads to it. She fell senseless into the arms of her august husband. You know what has happened since: the King, yielding to the wishes of the capital, went thither with his whole family on the morning of the 6th. The journey occupied seven hours and a half, during which we heard incessantly a continued noise of thirty thousand muskets, loaded with ball, which were charged and discharged in token of joy for the happiness of conducting the King to Paris. They cried out, but in vain, "Fire straight!" In spite of this notice, the balls sometimes struck the ornaments of the carriages; the smell of the powder almost suffocated us, and the crowd was so immense that the people, pressing the coaches on all sides, gave them the motion of a boat. If you wish to form an idea of this march, conceive a multitude of half-clad ruffians, armed with sabres, pistols,

spits, saws ; old partisans, marching without order, shouting, yelling, headed by a monster, a tiger, whom the municipality of Paris sought out with the utmost care, a man with a long beard, who till now served as a model at the Academy of Painting, and who, since the troubles, has yielded to his desire for murder, and has himself cut off the heads of all the wretched victims of popular frenzy. When we consider that it was this very mob that, at six in the morning, had forced the barrier of the marble staircase, broken open the doors of the ante-chamber, and penetrated even to the spot where that brave guard made a resistance sufficiently long to give us time to save the Queen—when we recollect that this dreadful army filled the streets of Versailles during the whole night, we still find that Heaven has protected us ; we perceive the power of Providence, and this danger passed gives us hopes for the future. Moreover, it was now ascertained that all these terrible events, of which I have only been able to give you a faint sketch, were the horrid result of the foulest, the most abominable conspiracy. The city of Paris is engaged in discovering the authors ; but I doubt whether they will be all brought to light, and I believe that posterity alone will be fully informed of these dreadful secrets.

The severity of military law, the great activity of the commanders of the militia and city guard, the attachment, the veneration of all citizens in the capital for the august family that has come within its walls, and is fully determined to remain there till the new Constitution shall be completed—these afford the only prospect capable of affording any consolation to our bosoms.

Since the Queen has been at Paris her Court is well attended ; she dines three times a week in public with the King ; her card-rooms are open on those days. Though the apartments are small, all Paris is to be found there. She converses with the commanders of districts ; she finds familiar opportunities of saying obliging things even to the private soldiers, among whom citizens of the first class are to be found, as well as the lowest artisans : mildness, resignation, courage, affability, popularity, everything is made use of, and sincerely, to reconcile people's minds and concur in the re-establishment of order. Everyone does justice to such affecting attentions, and that is a reparation for the cruel sufferings that have been endured and the dreadful risks that had been encountered. Upon the whole, nothing can be more prudent or more consistent than the conduct of the King and Queen, and therefore the number of their partisans increases daily. They are spoken of with enthusiasm in almost every company. I have lost much on the score of the happiness, the enjoyments and the hopes of life, but I am

exceedingly flattered in being attached to a Princess who in moments of adversity has displayed a character so generous and so elevated; she is an angel of mildness and of goodness; she is a woman particularly gifted with courage. I am in hopes that the clouds accumulated about her by the impure breath of calumny will dissipate; and at the Queen's age, and with her virtues, she may still expect to resume in history and in the eyes of posterity that rank from which she cannot be removed without injustice. Princes assailed by imbecility and vice towards their decline have in vain displayed some virtues in early youth; their latter years efface the splendour of their earlier, and they carry to the tomb the hatred and contempt of their subjects. How many happy years has our amiable Queen yet to pass?—and when she acts of her own accord she is always sure of the most complete success. She has given proofs of it in the most critical moments; and Paris, replete with the most seditious opinions—Paris, continually reading the most disgusting libels, could not refuse her the admiration due to true courage, presence of mind and courteousness. Her bitterest enemies confine themselves to saying, "It must be confessed that she is a woman of strong mind." I cannot express to you how anxious I am with respect to the opinion that is entertained of this interesting Princess in foreign Courts: have those shameless libels been sent thither? Is it believed in Russia that one Madame de Lamotte was ever the favourite of the Queen? Do they give credit to all the abominable reports of that infernal schemer? I hope not: the justice, the reparation that are due to this Princess never cease to engage my thoughts. I should lose my senses if I were a little younger, and if my imagination were as lively as my heart is sensitive. I, who have seen her for fifteen years attached to her august husband, to her children, gracious to her servants—unfortunately, too affable, too unaffected, too much on a level with the people of the Court—I cannot endure to see her character vilified. I wish I had a hundred mouths, I wish I had wings, that I might inspire that confidence in listening to truth which is so readily yielded to falsehood. Let us still pray that time will bring about this important object.

The Queen's Opinions of the Nobility.

The Queen has frequently said to me, "The nobility will ruin us; but I believe we cannot save ourselves without them. We act sometimes in a manner that offends them, but only with good intentions towards them. Nevertheless, when I encounter angry looks from those who surround us, I am

grieved at it ; then we adopt some proceeding, or impart something in confidence to encourage all these poor people, who really have a great deal to suffer. They spread it abroad ; the revolutionists are informed of it, and take the alarm ; the Assembly becomes more urgent and more malignant, and dangers increase."

The power of Louis XIV. had long ceased to exist at Versailles, yet all the exterior forms of this absolute authority still prevailed in 1789.

This monarch, in the latter years of his reign, had paid for his warlike ambition by reverses from which the nation had suffered greatly. Become old, his remorse and the devotion of his last mistress rendered him weak and bigoted.

The priests governed, and obtained from him violent edicts against his subjects of the Reformed Churches. A multitude of industrious Frenchmen, manufacturers, abandoned their country and carried their useful labours among neighbouring people. The decree which produced so fatal an effect to France is called the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

For the Edict of Nantes the nation was indebted to Henry IV. ; it secured to all the various churches the free exercise of their religion.

Louis XIV. died. He left, as heir to the Crown, his great-grandson, five years of age. This Prince had for Regent his uncle, the Duke d'Orleans, witty, volatile and licentious. He ventured on systems of finance which ruined France, and addicted himself to public debauchery, and a contempt for every sentiment and duty of religion, by which licentiousness quickly succeeded to hypocrisy. The Government of Louis XV. was weak. During the first years of his reign his youth, his beauty, and some success in arms made him beloved by the French ; shortly after, the most unbridled libertinism caused him to lose this early affection of the people, and even deprived him of the esteem of his Court.

On the death of Louis XV., Louis XVI. ascended the throne, with all the virtues of a man but few of those which become a great monarch, and which are indispensable in times when the people are agitated by the spirit of faction.¹

¹ Louis XVI. had not the qualities of a great King, yet with a firm and able minister who had known how to fix his wavering resolution, defeat the intrigues of courtiers and overpower their resistance, he would have evinced the virtues and reigned with the character of a good King. No Prince was ever more anxious for the public good ; and even in 1791, when the overthrow of his power and the contempt of his authority presented to his mind the most painful reflections, his chief

The Queen was amiable, sensible, handsome and of a good disposition. The slanders that have been cast on this Princess are the fruit of the spirit of discontent which prevailed at that time. But she loved pleasure, and was too fond of exciting admiration of her beauty. Amusements and festivals lulled the Court into security, until the very moment of the dreadful shock prepared by opinions introduced into France during the preceding half-century, and which had already obtained an imposing influence.

Three ministers, who had calculated the danger of this fermentation of ideas, endeavoured successively to operate a reform of abuses—in a word, to repair the worn-out machinery of absolute power by new laws of reformation and regeneration. They could not do it without attacking the

affliction arose from the calamities which the nation then suffered, and the evils which he foresaw it was destined to endure.

"We witnessed, in the Council," says Bertrand de Molleville, "during the Legislative Assembly, a scene much too interesting to be passed over in silence. M. Cahier de Gerville read a draft of a proclamation relative to the murders and robberies which were committed in many departments upon the nobles and their property, under the condemnatory pretext of 'aristocracy.' In this draft was the following expression: '*These disorders interrupt the happiness we enjoy in the most grievous manner.*' 'Alter that phrase,' said the King to M. Cahier de Gerville, who, after reading it again, answered that he did not perceive what there was to alter. 'Do not make me talk about my happiness, sir; I cannot lie at that rate; how can I be happy, M. de Gerville, when no one in France is so? No, sir, the French are not happy; I see it but too plainly; I hope they will be so one day; I ardently wish it; then I shall be so likewise, and may talk of my happiness.'

"These words, which the King pronounced with extreme feeling, and with tears in his eyes, made the most lively impression on us, and were followed by a general silence of emotion, which lasted two or three minutes. His Majesty, doubtless fearing lest this burst of sensibility which he had not been able to restrain, should raise any doubt of his attachment to the Constitution, seized, with much address, shortly afterwards, an opportunity of evincing, at least, his scrupulous fidelity to the oath he had taken to maintain it, by adopting the course most conformable to the Constitution in a matter brought forward by M. Cahier de Gerville, who advised the opposite proceeding, and was amazed to find the King more constitutional than himself.

"This religious probity of the King with respect to the fatal oath which had been wrested from him, and his tender concern for the welfare of a nation of which he had so much reason to complain, at once excited our astonishment and our admiration."

Louis XVI. had imbibed his love of the people and this desire to render them happy from the works of Fénelon. The writings of Nicole and the "Telemachus" were continually read by him. He had extracted from them maxims of government by which he wished to abide; and the particulars given in the *Historical Illustrations* (O) on this subject, and on the methodical habits of this Prince, will be found interesting.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

privileges of the nobility and the clergy; these classes considered them imprescriptible, and do so still, even after the torrent of a most terrible revolution has swept away the last traces of their privileges and their wealth.

The three ministers, Turgot,¹ Malesherbes, and Necker,² were overthrown by the power of those ancient classes.

The impolitic desire of diminishing the power of England had induced Louis XVI. to embrace the cause of the American insurgents against the mother-country. Our youth flew to the wars waged in the New World for liberty and against the rights of thrones. Liberty prevailed; they returned triumphant to France, and brought with them the seeds of independence. Letters from various military men were frequently received at the Palace of Versailles, the seals of which bore the thirteen stars of the United States surrounding the cap of Liberty; and the Chevalier de Parny, one of the most esteemed poets of the day, brother to one of the Queen's equerries and himself attendant on the Court, published an epistle to the citizens of Boston, in which were found the following lines:

" You, happy people, freed from Kings and Queens,
Dance to the rattling of the chains that bind,
In servile shame, the rest of human kind."

Soon after, financial embarrassments, the stubborn opposition of the Parliaments and the unskilfulness of the Minister De Loménie de Brienne led to the convocation of the States-General. Notwithstanding the excesses which sullied this epoch, notwithstanding the subversion of all the ancient institutions, good might still have been accomplished if the Constituent Assembly had yielded to the advice and intelligence of that party which demanded not only a guarantee for national liberty, but the advantages of an hereditary nobility, by the formation of an Upper Chamber, composed of nobles, who should no longer be exposed to see talents rendered

¹ When M. de Maurepas proposed Turgot as a minister to Louis XVI., the King said to him, with a degree of candour highly respectable, " It is said that M. Turgot never goes to Mass." " Well, Sire," replied Maurepas, " the Abbé Terray goes to it every day." This was enough to remove all the King's prejudices. (" Universal Biography," vol. xxvii.)—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

² M. Necker wished for the support of the favour and confidence of the people; and, resembling M. Turgot so far, he could not be agreeable to the clergy, or the nobility, who were absolute strangers to the personal predilections of the Genevese minister. The clergy murmured at the choice of a Protestant minister. " I will give him up to you if you will pay the National Debt," said M. de Maurepas to an archbishop who was scandalised at his nomination. (" History of Marie Antoinette," by Montjoie.)—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

useless to the welfare of the State, from the will of a Sovereign or the hatred of a favourite. Names worthy of respect were found at the head of this party: the Marquis de Lally-Tollendal, the Viscount de Noailles, the Marquis de la Fayette, Malouet, Mounier, &c. The Duke d'Orleans ranked among them for a short time, but only as a factious, discontented man, ready to shift successively into every party that was most extravagant. At that time, to speak at Court of the English Constitution, to place the King of France on a level with a King of England, appeared as criminal as if it had been proposed to dethrone the King and to destroy the crown adorned with lilies. The rejection by the Court of that party which desired two chambers, afforded time for a more Republican party to form itself and obtain the support of popular influence. M. de la Fayette, imbued with the American principles which he had served with so much glory, found himself placed at the head of this party. After the 6th of October, 1789, six months subsequent to the opening of the States-General, almost the whole of the partisans of the English Constitution emigrated and withdrew from the horrors that threatened France.

A man unhappily worthy of the fame of the orators of Greece and Rome, Mirabeau, embraced the cause of a more Republican Constitution. The Court was naturally still more opposed to this than to the former wishes of the friends of the English Constitution.

The revolutionists inflamed the people, called them to their assistance, armed them. Mansions were burnt or pillaged, all the nobles compelled to quit France. The Palace of Versailles was besieged by the populace of Paris; the King was dragged to the capital in a cruel and degrading manner, his carriage preceded by a horde who carried in triumph the heads of two of his guards. The deputies, amid the storm, laboured to complete the Constitutional Act; the King, as the executive power, was too much deprived of authority by it. He foresaw the impossibility of carrying on such a Constitution, and fled with his family. His organised flight, and his intentions, being betrayed, afforded time to the Assembly to have him arrested as he approached the frontiers of the kingdom; he was brought back with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the virtuous Elizabeth, Madame and the Dauphin. On the road they endured every insult from a licentious mob.

As this period the Jacobins, a furious and sanguinary faction, at whose head were Robespierre and Marat, wished to obtain a declaration of the deposition of the King, and to found a republic. The Constitutional party, though much

weakened, had still sufficient strength to oppose it. The Constitution was finished; the King, who since the failure of his flight had remained in arrest, was restored to liberty, and came to take, on this new charter, the oath to maintain and defend it. Brilliant festivals were held, which preceded by a very short interval days of mourning and despair. Two decrees which the King rejected—that which menaced the priests, and that relative to forming a camp round Paris—served as a pretext for the most violent attacks directed against him. Unfortunately the King thought that, without altering his course, he should be withdrawn from his restrictions and released from his forced engagements. He was deceived: the whole nation advanced; the foreign troops were repulsed; the Palace of the Tuileries besieged; the King and his family confined in the Temple, which they never quitted but to mount the scaffold, with the exception of Madame and the young Prince, the latter of whom died a victim to the ill-treatment to which he was subjected.

The Emperor Joseph II. evinced, in November, 1783, and still more in May, 1784, pretensions of a perplexing nature on the Republic of the United Provinces. He demanded the opening of the Scheldt, the cession of Maestricht with its dependencies, of the country beyond the Meuse, the county of Vroenhoven and a sum of 70,000,000 florins.

The first gun was fired by the Emperor, on the Scheldt, the 5th of November, 1784.

Peace was concluded and signed the 8th of November, 1785, between the Emperor and the United Provinces, under the mediation of France.

The singular part was the indemnification granted to the Emperor; this was a sum of 10,000,000 Dutch florins; the Articles 15, 16 and 17 of the treaty stipulated the quotas of it. Holland paid 5,500,000, and France, under the direction of M. de Vergennes, 4,500,000 florins—that is to say, 9,045,000 francs, according to M. Soult.

M. de Ségur, in his work entitled "Policy of Cabinets" (vol. iii.), says, in a note on a Memoir by M. de Vergennes, relative to this affair:

"M. de Vergennes has been much blamed for having terminated by a sacrifice of seven millions the contest that existed between the United Provinces and the Emperor. In that age of philosophy men were still very uncivilised; in that age of commerce they made very erroneous calculations, and those who accused the Queen of sending the gold of France to her brother would have been better pleased if,

to support a Republic void of energy, the blood of two hundred thousand men and three or four hundred millions of francs had been sacrificed, and incurred the risk of losing the advantage of the peace concluded with England at the same time. It is grievous and humiliating to see in what manner, and by whom, such criticisms are made; those who call to mind all the violent declamations then indulged in against the policy of the Cabinet of Versailles will see, in the *Memoirs of M. de Vergennes*, with what prudence the ministers, accused by ignorance, presumption and folly, then deliberated."

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES

THE collection of celebrated trials has rendered the important service of inducing in the world a salutary mistrust of appearances of criminality. What advantage would not society derive from a collection of all the accounts of these impostors; from those who, passing themselves off for Sovereigns, or heirs of Sovereign power, have formed parties, and involved credulous people in difficulties, down to those who, born in an obscure rank, have assumed the names of persons of a superior class, or have obtained credit for intimate connections with the great, and even with crowned heads. Alas! the unheard-of misfortunes of Marie Antoinette are to be attributed, in a great degree, to the audacious falsehoods of a woman whose person even was unknown to her; and who had found means to persuade the Cardinal de Rohan that she was an intimate and secret friend of that illustrious and unfortunate Princess. There is no class in which these ingenious and dangerous characters do not succeed in disturbing the peace of society, and carrying misery and desolation into the most respectable families. If their mischievous genius leads them to have recourse to legal and judicial forms to support their impudent falsehoods, the marvellous, which always accompanies statements destitute of probability, engages and amuses the indifferent, and generally excites the self-conceit of some lawyer, who believes, no doubt, that he is defending the cause of persons oppressed by fraud, avarice or power. The most prudent feeling is to have a mistrust of the wonderful, and to say of a thing which is opposed to the laws of honour, of probity and propriety—it is likely that this is not true. This valuable mistrust would be generally promoted by the collection which I should like to see entrusted to the care of some eminent lawyer. These reflections precede the history, but little known, of a female intriguer of

the lowest class in society, and whose audacious falsehoods involved the most illustrious and most estimable characters.

My father had provided for me a sort of governess, or rather upper nurse, who had a niece of the same age as mine. Till the period of our receiving the first Sacrament she was accustomed to pass her holidays with her aunt, and to play with me. When she had reached the age of twelve years, my father, whose caution was not influenced by any feeling of pride, declared that he would no longer permit her to come to play with me and my sisters. Desirous of educating us in the most careful manner, he dreaded our forming an intimate connection with a young person destined to the situation of a seamstress or embroiderer. The girl was pretty, fair and of a very modest demeanour. Six years after the period at which my father had forbidden her entrance into his house, the Duke de la Vrillière, then M. le Comte de Saint-Florentin, sent to enquire of my father, "Have you," he said, "in your service, an old woman named Paris?" My father replied that she had brought us up, and was still in his family. "Do you know her young niece?" rejoined the minister. Then my father told him what the prudence of a parent, desirous that his children should never have any but useful connections, had suggested to him six years before. "You have acted very prudently," said M. de Saint-Florentin to him. "During the forty years I have been in the government I never met with a more impudent impostor than this little hussy; she has implicated in her fabrications our illustrious monarch, our virtuous Princesses, Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, and the worthy M. Baret, Curé of St. Louis, who at this moment is suspended from his clerical functions until this infamous charge is perfectly cleared up. The little baggage is now in the Bastille. Only conceive," added he, "that by means of her crafty misrepresentations, she has obtained more than 60,000 francs from several credulous people at Versailles; to some she affirmed that she was the King's mistress; suffered them to accompany her to the glass door that opens into the gallery, and entered the King's apartment by the private door, it being opened for her by some of the pages in the palace, who received her favours. Nearly at the same time she sent for Gauthier, the surgeon to the light-horse, to attend a woman in labour at her house, whose face was covered with a black crape; and she provided the surgeon with the napkins that were necessary, and which were all marked with the crown, according to the depositions of Gauthier. She also brought him a warming-pan with the arms of the Princesses on it, to warm the bed for this female; and a silver basin marked in the same way. In consequence of the investigations entered upon with respect

to this affair, we also know that it was a young man, a servant in the family of Mesdames, who procured her these articles; but she put this odious and wicked lie in circulation among people of her own class, and it has extended even to some whose opinions are of more importance. This is not yet all," said the minister; "she has confessed all her crimes; but in the midst of tears and sobs of penitence, she declared that she was born with virtuous inclinations, and had been led into the path of vice by her confessor, the curate M. Baret, who had seduced her at the age of fourteen. The curate has been confronted with her. The wretch, whose air and demeanour were far from indicating the perverseness of her disposition and habits, had the effrontery to maintain in his presence what she had declared, and even dared to support this declaration by a circumstance which seemed to imply the most intimate connection, by telling the worthy priest that he had a mark on his left shoulder. At these words the curate desired that a *valet de chambre*, formerly in his service, and whom he had discharged for his bad conduct, might be immediately arrested. The subsequent interrogatories have shown that this rascal had also been in the number of the girl's favourites, and that it was from him that she got the information as to the mark which she had the impudence and audacity to refer to." The poor curate Baret suffered a serious illness from the anxiety he underwent during this troublesome and unmerited proceeding. However, the King had the kindness to receive him on his return to Versailles, and to say to him that he ought to consider that nothing could be held sacred by such an impudent wretch. When the matter was fully cleared up, the minister removed this vile impostor from the Bastille, and she was sent to pass the remainder of her days in confinement in St. Pélagie.

The Courtly Abbé.

The day on which the Queen received the first visit of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Russia at Versailles, a multitude, eager to obtain a sight, filled the palace and besieged the doors. The Queen had assigned to me the care of her inner closets, with the order to suffer no one to pass that way but the daughter of the Duchess de Polignac, then a child, and who was to place herself near her couch within the balustrade, to be present at the reception of the Grand Duke. A young abbé slipped into the closets, crossed the library, and opened the door communicating with the interior of this balustrade. I hastened towards him, and stopped him: he

stepped back a few paces and said to me, "Pardon me, madam; I am fresh from college; I am not acquainted with the interior of the Palace of Versailles; the only direction my father gave me was this: "My son, continue to go straight forward till you are stopped, then submit respectfully to the order. You stop me, madam; I withdraw, and beg you to excuse me." This young man certainly knew how to advance with confidence and to stop with prudence.

On the Court.

The art of war is incessantly exercised at Court. Ranks, dignities, private audiences, but above all favour, keep up an uninterrupted strife, which excludes thence all idea of peace. Those who give themselves up to the service of the Court often speak of their children, of the sacrifices they make for them, and their language is sincere. The courtier most in favour, of the highest credit, only finds strength to resist the anxiety he endures in the idea that he devotes himself for the advancement or the fortune of those who belong to him; he who is not supported by these laudable sentiments thinks of the honour of being able to pay his debts, or the gratification he derives from the pleasure of shining in the eyes of those who are ignorant of his secret griefs.

La Fontaine has said of favour: "It is preserved with trouble and anxiety, to be lost with despair."

Never could a better definition be given of the splendid and harassing yoke borne by the man in favour. The moment the Prince utters a word that indicates his esteem or admiration of anyone, the first impulse of the courtiers is to be the echo of the Prince's sentiments; but this first step is only made to put them in a situation to ruin him who has been favourably noticed. Then begins the game of intrigue; if it can be accomplished, they destroy this new object of uneasiness by calumny; the favourable idea of the Prince is diverted or destroyed, and they enjoy this easy victory. But if the Sovereign, persevering in his opinion and his sentiments, selects from the ranks the man whom he has noticed, and in whom he believes he has recognised useful talents or amiable qualities, and introduces him among his favourites, the attack becomes incessant; years do not abate the ardour of it; they assume all forms, all means to ruin him. The public then come to the assistance of the courtiers; it is no longer these who speak. On the contrary, officious attentions and respect respond immediately to the favour of the monarch; and with these they charm, they

bewilder the head of their victim; they disguise their jealousy, they leave it to Time to weaken the fascination of the Prince; they know that men's sentiments are disposed to change; they perceive the moment when the first warmth of prepossession decays; they begin their attack. If these first attempts awaken the attention of the monarch and enable him to observe the manœuvres of the courtiers, if he give some new mark of favour to the object of their envy, they fall back immediately and adjourn their project.

The man of the greatest merit will have some failings or commit some errors; they reckon upon them, look out for them, exaggerate them, circulate them in society, and they are reported to the Prince under the mask of zeal and perfect devotion to his interests; in the end they generally succeed in the object. Favour only saves from these cruel and persevering attacks those who, from their place at Court, never quit the Prince, and are able to defend themselves at all hours, both by day and by night. The labours of ministers do not allow them this facility; they can only appear at Court for short intervals; for this reason they are easily attacked and displaced when the King has not made it a principle, whatever he may hear said, to make as few changes as possible. Employments which leave intervals of repose never obtain any great favour because they afford time for the indefatigable underminers at Court. While the action is thus warm within the palace, they take care to direct some arrows, even to a distance, against everyone who has merit; they know that merit affords means of rising from the multitude, and that it is easier to attack it while it is still in the crowd. To see anyone disgraced never gives pain; he is a man fallen back into the ranks. Death and disgrace excite only the same idea at Court: by whom will he who is fallen be replaced?

*Reply to M. de Lacretelle the Younger on the Subject
of his Work.*

The letter you have done me the honour to address to me reached me at Coudreaux, the seat of the Duchess d'Elchingen, where I went to spend a few days. You do not give me your address; nevertheless I desire to have the honour of thanking you for the obliging manner in which you have written to me in consequence of some reflections I ventured to transmit to you relative to your "History of France."

Everyone should hasten to communicate actual facts to an author who knows how to render them so interesting, to combine them with so much art, to narrate them with so much taste, and to deduce from them such just and luminous results; but in occupying yourself with history in general, you must, sir, have studied that of the human heart; you must have observed that constant carelessness with regard to the success of the most laudable undertakings which is only equalled by a no less persevering disposition to criticise them. I think, then, that you should not have waited for useful information, but have taken more trouble to obtain it. The Baron de Breteuil was much broken when he returned to France; but old men have a lively memory for old anecdotes, and he knew an infinite number of private events. Madame de Narbonne, lady of honour to Madame Adelaide, who had considerable influence during the first years of the reign of Louis XVI., would have been very useful to you. Lastly, I was dining with a very great nobleman, who has infinite talent. Your book was spoken of and was praised; but many errors were pointed out with reference to the administration of the Duke de Choiseul. You are deceived when you state it as doubtful that M. de Machault was on the eve of being appointed in the room of M. de Maurepas. The letter of the King was written, was given to the page, he had his foot in the stirrup, when my father-in-law, by order of Louis XVI., descended the great staircase of Choisy to recall the page. The Queen, who had already studied the King's character, then told my father-in-law that if he had not been in such haste to execute the King's command M. de Machault would have been appointed; that the King would never have had the courage to write a letter contrary to his first intention. I have been moved even to tears by the manner in which you re-establish the Queen's character in a more favourable light; but never accuse her of prodigality—she had the contrary failing. She never in her life drew the smallest sum from the Treasury; the Duchess, her favourite, had scarcely what would maintain her at Court, her situation requiring an expense far exceeding what she derived from her husband's places and her own. The Queen ordered some little edifices, in the style suited to an English garden, to be erected at Trianon; all Paris exclaimed against it, while M. de Saint-James was expending 150,000 livres at Neuilly for a grotto. The Queen was so far from allowing large sums to be expended on her favourite habitation, that when she quitted this villa, in 1789, she still left there the ancient furniture of Louis XV.: it was not till after soliciting her, for six years together, not to use any longer an old painted bedstead that

had belonged to the Countess du Barry, that I obtained leave from the Queen to order another. Never was any person more slandered; all the blows by which it was intended to assail the throne were for a long time directed against her solely. I have a multitude of anecdotes of a nature to make her better known; but they are only suited to my Memoirs. I will not allow them to be printed during my life; my son will have them after me. In my Recollections I do not go beyond the details which I did and must know. Presumption ruins all the writers of Memoirs; if they know what passed in the chamber, they will also relate the deliberations of the Council, and these are very different matters. M. Thierry de Villevray was ignorant of what the ministers knew, and they would often have been delighted to discover what he was acquainted with. In history, as in poetry, we must recur to what Boileau has said about truth.

The Memoirs of Laporte are valued, because he says, "The Queen sent me to such a place," "I said to the Cardinal," &c., and those of Cléry are most deeply interesting because he repeats, word for word, what he heard, and finishes his recital with the roll of the drum, which separated him from his unfortunate Sovereign.

Sincerity, sir, accompanies the highest esteem, and it is that which emboldens me to enter into these details with you, and to express to you the regret I feel to see you engaged in your second edition before you have patiently consulted the greatest possible number of contemporaries well informed of the facts which form your two last volumes.

Portrait of Maria Theresa.

A lady bought at the Marquis de Marigny's sale a large miniature portrait of the Empress Maria Theresa. It was in a gilt metal frame, and at the back the Marchioness's brother had caused these words to be engraved: "The Empress-Queen made a present of this portrait to my sister; it was surrounded with superb Brazil diamonds." This lady thought she was offering the Queen what would be very agreeable to her; she was deceived. Her Majesty considered that she ought not to appear insensible to her attention, but as soon as the lady had withdrawn the Queen said to me, "Take this proof of my mother's policy out of my sight quickly. Perhaps I am indebted to her in some degree for the honour of being Queen of France, but, in truth, Sovereigns are sometimes constrained to very mean actions."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY MADAME CAMPAN

Note No. 1, page 21.

THE Queen brought the Duke of Normandy into the world, and the birth of a second son appeared to add to the happiness she enjoyed. She had also a second Princess, named Sophie. The quiet and regular habits of the Royal Family, now past the age of turbulent pleasures, make me look back on the years which elapsed between the peace of 1783 and the birth of the second Princess as the most happy period of the reign of Louis XVI. That happiness was soon to be disturbed by an unforeseen storm, increased by error, by the vilest corruption, and by the blackest calumny.

The Cardinal de Rohan, who was involved in Madame de Lamotte's intrigues in a manner not yet entirely explained, made some overtures to M. de Saint-James, the Treasurer of the War Extraordinaries, for the loan of a considerable sum. He communicated to him some particulars of the bargain he had made with Bœhmer to procure his magnificent necklace for the Queen. The financier, whose fortune was at that time shaken, and who soon after failed for an enormous sum, lent no money. He could not understand how the Cardinal, who was avowedly at enmity with the Queen, should be deputed to execute such a commission; and felt himself called upon to speak to Her Majesty respecting what he had heard. I know not how lightly this information may have been communicated; I only know that it made very little impression upon the Queen. Standing, as she did, upon the pinnacle of happiness and honour, how should she imagine that such an object should be the basis of an intrigue sufficient to raise the direst storm? The Queen merely told me they were talking again about that tiresome necklace; that M. de Saint-James had informed her that Bœhmer still entertained the hope of persuading her to buy it of him. She requested me to mention it to him the first time I should see him, merely by way of asking him what he had done with that ornament.

On the following Sunday I met Bœhmer in one of the halls

of the principal apartments as I was going to the Queen's Mass. I called to him; he accompanied me to my threshold. I asked him whether he had at last got rid of his necklace or not. He answered that it was sold. I asked him in what Court. He replied, "At Constantinople, and it is at this moment the property of the favourite Sultana." I congratulated him on the occasion. My real ground of satisfaction, however, was that the Queen would no longer be molested on the subject. In the evening I gave an account of my meeting with the jeweller, and the conversation I had had with him. The Queen was really rejoiced at it. She did, however, show some surprise that a necklace made to ornament a Frenchwoman should have been carried to the seraglio, and dwelt on the belief that the beauty of the collection of diamonds had been the sole inducement for purchasing it. She spoke a long time upon the subject, and upon the total change which took place in the tastes and desires of women between the ages of twenty years and thirty. She told me that when she was ten years younger she was excessively fond of diamonds; but that she had now no taste but for private society, for the country, for work, and for the cares which the education of her children would demand. From that time to the fatal exposure nothing more was said about the necklace.

The baptism of the Duke d'Angoulême took place in 1785. The Queen ordered the shoulder-knot, buckles and sword, of which the King and herself made him presents upon the occasion, of Böhmer. When Böhmer delivered these articles to Her Majesty, he presented her a note, which is faithfully copied into one of the memorials printed in the course of the Cardinal's trial. The Queen came into her library, where I was reading. She held the note in her hand. She read it to me, saying that, as I had in the morning guessed the enigmas of the *Mercur*, I could no doubt find her the meaning of that which that madman Böhmer had just handed to her. These were her very expressions. She read me the note, which, like that in the memorial, contained a request "not to forget him," and expressions of his happiness at seeing her in the possession of the most beautiful diamonds that could be found in Europe. As she finished reading it she twisted it up and burnt it at a taper which was standing lighted in her library for sealing letters, and merely recommended me, when I should see Böhmer, to request an explanation of it. "Has he assorted some other ornaments?" added the Queen. "I should be quite vexed at it, for I do not intend to make use of his services any longer. If I wish to change the setting of my diamonds I will employ my *valet de chambre* who takes care of my jewels, for he will have no ambition to sell me a single carat."

After this conversation I set off for my country-house at Crespy. My father-in-law had company to dine there every Sunday. Böhmer had been there once or twice in the summer time. As soon as I was settled he came there.

I repeated to him faithfully what the Queen had desired me to tell him. He seemed petrified, and asked how it was that the Queen had been unable to understand the meaning of the paper

he had presented to her. "I read it myself," said I, "and I understood nothing of it." "I am not surprised at that as far as concerns you, madam," replied Boehmer. He added that there was a mystery in all this with which I was not made acquainted, and requested of me an interview, wherein he would inform me fully of what had passed between the Queen and himself. I could only promise it him for the evening, when the people from Paris would be gone. When I had got rid of the persons who required my company in the drawing-room, I went with Boehmer down into one of the garden walks. I think I can repeat verbatim the conversation which took place between this man and myself. I was so struck with horror the very instant I discovered this most base and dangerous intrigue that every word which passed between us is deeply engraven in my memory. I was so absorbed in grief, I perceived so many dangers in the manner in which the Queen would have to disengage herself from such a fabrication, that a storm of thunder and rain came on while I was talking to Boehmer without exciting my attention.

Being alone, then, with Boehmer, I began thus:

"What is the meaning of the paper which you gave to Her Majesty on Sunday as she left the chapel?"

B. "The Queen cannot be ignorant of it, madam."

"I beg your pardon; nay, more, she has desired me to ask you."

B. "That is a feint of hers."

"And, pray, what feint can there be in so plain a matter between you and the Queen? The Queen very seldom appears in full dress, and you know it. You told me yourself that the extreme plainness of the Court of Versailles was injurious to your trade. She is afraid you are projecting something new, and she expressly ordered me to tell you that she would not add a diamond of the value of twenty louis to those which she possesses."

B. "I believe it, madam; she has less need of them than ever; but what said she about the money?"

"You were paid long ago."

B. "Ah! madam, you are greatly mistaken! There is a very large sum due to me."

"What do you mean?"

B. "I must disclose all to you. The Queen deals mysteriously with you; she has purchased my grand necklace."

"The Queen! she refused you personally; she refused it of the King, who would have given it to her."

B. "Well, she changed her mind."

"If she had changed her mind, she would have told the King so. I have not seen the necklace among the Queen's diamonds."

B. "She was to have worn it on Whit-Sunday. I was very much astonished that she did not."

"When did the Queen tell you she had determined to buy your necklace?"

B. "She never spoke to me upon the subject herself."

"Through whom, then?"

B. "The Cardinal de Rohan."

"She has not spoken to him these ten years! By what contrivance I know not, my dear Bœhmer, but you are robbed, that's certain."

B. "The Queen pretends to be at variance with His Eminence, but he is upon very good terms with her."

"What do you mean? The Queen pretends to be at variance with a person so conspicuous at Court! Sovereigns rather pretend the other way. She pretended for four successive years that she would neither buy nor accept of your necklace! She buys it, and pretends not to remember that, since she does not wear it! You are mad, my poor Bœhmer, and I see you entangled in an intrigue which makes me shudder for you, and distresses me for Her Majesty's sake. When I asked you, six months ago, what was become of the necklace and where you had sent it, you told me you had sold it to the favourite Sultana."

B. "I answered as the Queen wished. She ordered me to make that reply through the Cardinal."

"But how were Her Majesty's orders transmitted to you?"

B. "By written documents signed with her own hand; and I have for some time been obliged to show them to people who have lent me money, in order to keep them quiet."

"You have received no money, then?"

B. "I beg your pardon; on delivery of the necklace I received a sum of 30,000 francs in notes of the Caisse d'Escompte, which Her Majesty sent to me by the Cardinal; and you may rely on it, he sees Her Majesty in private, for as he gave me the money he told me that she took it from a portfolio which was in her Sèvres china *secrétaire* in her little boudoir."

"That was all a falsehood; and you, who have sworn faithfully to serve the King and Queen in the offices you hold about their persons, are much to blame for having treated for the Queen without the King's knowledge when so important a matter was in question, and with her without having received her orders directly from herself."

The latter remark struck this dangerous fool. He asked me what he was to do. I advised him to go to the Baron de Breteuil, who was the minister of his department, inasmuch as he held the office of keeper of the crown diamonds, to tell him candidly all that had passed, and to be ruled by him. He assured me he would prefer deputing me to explain to the Queen. That, however, I declined, perceiving from his account that there existed a multiplicity of intrigues, which prudence warned me to avoid. I spent ten days at my country house without hearing a word of this affair. The Queen then sent for me to Little Trianon, to rehearse with me the part of Rosina, which she was to perform in the *Barber of Seville*. I was alone with her, sitting upon her couch; no mention was made of anything but the part. After we had spent an hour in the rehearsal, Her Majesty asked me why I had sent Bœhmer to her, saying he had been in my name to speak to her, and that she would not see him. It was thus that I learned he had not, in the slightest degree, followed my advice. The change in my countenance when I heard the man's name was very perceptible; the Queen perceived it and

questioned me. I entreated her to see him, and assured her it was of the utmost importance for her peace of mind; that there was a plot going on of which she was not aware; and that it was a serious one, since engagements signed by herself were shown about to people who had lent Bœhmer money. Her astonishment and vexation were excessive. She desired me to remain at Trianon, and sent off a courier to Paris, ordering Bœhmer to come to her upon some pretence which has escaped my recollection. He came the next morning; in fact, it was the day on which the play was performed, and that was the last time that the Queen indulged in such amusements at that seat.

The Queen took him into her closet and asked him by what fatality it was that she was still doomed to hear of his foolish pretensions about selling her an article which she had steadily refused for several years? He replied that he was compelled, being unable to pacify his creditors any longer. "What are your creditors to me?" said Her Majesty. Bœhmer then regularly related to her all that, according to his deluded imagination, had passed between the Queen and himself, through the intervention of the Cardinal. She was equally thunderstruck, incensed and surprised at everything she heard. In vain did she speak. The jeweller, equally importunate and dangerous, repeated incessantly, "Madam, this is no time for feigning; condescend to confess that you have my necklace, and order me some assistance, or else a bankruptcy will soon bring the whole to light."

It is easy to imagine how much the Queen must have suffered. On Bœhmer's going away I found her in an alarming condition. The idea that anyone could have believed that such a man as the Cardinal possessed her full confidence, and that she should have bargained through him with a tradesman, without the King's knowledge, for a thing which she had refused from the King himself, drove her to desperation. She sent first for the Abbé de Vermond and then for the Baron de Breteuil. Their hatred and contempt for the Cardinal made them too easily forget that the lowest vices do not prevent the higher orders of the empire from being defended by those to whom they have the honour to belong; that a Rohan, a Prince of the Church, however culpable he might be, would be sure to have a considerable party, which would, of course, be joined by all the discontented persons of the Court and all the censorious people of Paris.

It was too easily believed that he would be stripped of all the advantages of his rank and order, and given up to the disgrace due to his irregular conduct; disappointment was the consequence.

I saw the Queen after the departure of the Baron and the Abbé; her agitation made me shudder. "Hideous vices must be unmasked," said she, "when the Roman purple and the title of Prince cover a mere sharper, a cheat, who dares to compromise the wife of his Sovereign; Europe and all France should know it." It is evident that from that moment the fatal plan was decided on. The Queen perceived my alarm; I did not conceal it from her. I was too well aware that she had many enemies not to be apprehensive on seeing her attract the attention of the whole world to an intrigue

which would prove of the most intricate description. I entreated her to seek the most prudent and moderate advice. She silenced me by desiring me to make myself easy, and to rest satisfied that no imprudence would be committed.

On the following Sunday, being the Assumption, at twelve o'clock, at the very moment when the Cardinal, dressed in his pontifical garments, was about to proceed to the chapel, the King sent for him into his closet where he was with the Queen. "You have purchased some diamonds of Bœhmer," said the King to him. "Yes, Sire." "What have you done with them?" "I thought they had been delivered to the Queen." "Who commissioned you to make the purchase?" "A lady called the Countess de Lamotte-Valois, who handed me a letter from the Queen, and I thought I was acting agreeably to Her Majesty's wishes when I took this negotiation upon myself." The Queen interrupted him with warmth, in order to ask him how he could possibly believe that he, to whom she had not spoken for above eight years, had been selected for such a commission, and that through a woman whom she did not even know. "I see very plainly," said the Cardinal, "that I have been deceived." He then took out of his pocket a note from Her Majesty, signed *Marie Antoinette de France*. The King uttered an exclamation, and told him that a Grand Almoner ought to know that Queens of France signed only their baptismal names; that even the daughters of France had no other signature; and that if the Royal Family added anything to that signature it would not be *de France*. The writing was no more like the original signature than the body of the paper; the King remarked this to him. His Majesty afterwards showed him a copy of a letter addressed to Bœhmer, asking him if he had written any such letter. The Cardinal, after looking at it, replied that he did not remember having written it. "If you were to be shown such a letter, signed by yourself?" said the King to him. "If the letter be signed by me," said the Cardinal, "it is genuine." He was extremely confused, and repeated several times, "I have been deceived, Sire; I will pay for the necklace. I ask pardon of Your Majesties." The King desired him to compose himself, and to go into the adjoining closet, where he would find writing implements and might pen down his avowal or his answers. M. de Vergennes and the Keeper of the Seals were of opinion that the affair ought to be hushed up, in order that the scandal attending it might be avoided. The Baron de Breteuil's opinion prevailed; the Queen's resentment favoured it. The Cardinal came in again and handed the King a few lines, which were almost as unintelligible as what he had said. He was ordered out, and was accompanied by the Baron, who had him arrested by M. d'Agoult, the mayor of the Court. He confided the care of conducting the Cardinal to his apartments to a young ensign of the guards who had been arrested a few days before for debt. The order to accompany the Cardinal, with the information that he would be responsible for his person, and the word *arrest*, so perplexed the young man that he lost all power of reflecting upon the importance of his charge. The Cardinal met his *heyduke* in the gallery

of the chapel, and spoke to him in German. Wishing to write down his orders, and having no pencil about him, he asked the ensign if he could lend him one. He had one, handed it to the Cardinal, and waited patiently while his Eminence wrote upon a piece of paper his orders to the Abbé Georgel, his grand vicar, to burn the whole of his correspondence with Madame de Lamotte which was in his closet at Paris. From that moment all proofs of this intrigue disappeared. Madame de Lamotte was apprehended at Bar-sur-Aube; her husband was already gone to England. From the beginning of this fatal affair all the proceedings of the Court appear to have been prompted by imprudence and want of foresight; the obscurity resulting left scope for the fables of which the voluminous memorials written on one side and the other consisted. The Queen so little imagined what could have given rise to the intrigue, of which she was about to become the victim, that at the moment when the King was interrogating the Cardinal, a terrific idea entered her mind. With that rapidity of thought caused by personal interest and extreme agitation, she fancied that if the design to ruin her in the eyes of the King and the French people was the concealed motive of this intrigue, the Cardinal would, perhaps, affirm that she had the necklace; that he had been honoured with her confidence for this purchase, made without the King's knowledge; and point out some secret place in her apartment, where he might have got some villain to hide it. Want of money and the meanest swindling were the sole foundations of this criminal affair. The necklace was by this time taken to pieces and sold, partly in London, partly in Holland, and the rest in Paris.

From the moment the Cardinal's arrest was known a universal clamour arose. Every memorial that appeared during the trial increased the outcry, and nothing tended to develop the hidden facts. On this occasion the clergy took that course, which a little wisdom, and the least knowledge of the spirit of such a body, ought to have foreseen. The Rohans and the House of Condé, as well as the clergy, complained in all quarters. The King agreed to the legal judgment, and early in September he addressed letters patent to the Parliament, in which His Majesty said that, "penetrated with the most just indignation on seeing the means which, by the confession of His Eminence the Cardinal, had been employed in order to inculcate his most dear and most honourable spouse and companion, he had," &c.

Fatal moment! in which the Queen found herself, in consequence of this highly impolitic error, opposed to a subject who ought to have been dealt with by the power of the King alone. Erroneous principles of equity, ignorance and hatred united with the confusion of ill-digested advice to form a course of conduct which was injurious alike to the Royal authority and to public morals.

The Princes and Princesses of the House of Condé, and of the Houses of Rohan, Soubise and Guéménée, put on mourning, and were seen ranging themselves in the way of the members of the Great Chamber, salute them as they proceeded to the Palace, on

the days of sitting upon the Cardinal's trial; and Princes of the Blood openly canvassed against the Queen of France.

The Pope wished to claim, on behalf of the Cardinal de Rohan, the right belonging to his ecclesiastical rank, and demanded that he should be judged at Rome. The Cardinal de Bernis, ambassador from France to His Holiness, formerly Minister for Foreign Affairs, blending the wisdom of an old diplomatist with the principles of a Prince of the Church, wished that this scandalous affair should be hushed up.

The King's aunts, who were on very intimate terms with the Ambassador, adopted his opinion; and the conduct of the King and Queen was equally and loudly censured in the apartments of Versailles and in the hotels and coffee-houses of Paris.

It is easy to refer to this transaction, alike fatal and unexpected, hastily entered into and weakly and dangerously followed up, the disorders which furnished so many weapons to the party opposed to authority.

In the early part of the year 1786 the Cardinal was fully acquitted, and came out of the Bastille; Madame de Lamotte was condemned to be whipped, branded and confined. The Court, following up the false views which had guided its measures, conceived that the Cardinal and the woman De Lamotte were equally culpable and unequally judged, and sought to restore the balance of justice by exiling the Cardinal to the abbey of La Chaise-Dieu, and suffering Madame de Lamotte to escape a few days after her entrance into the hospital.

This new error confirmed the Parisians in the idea that the low wretch, who had never been able to make her way into the room appropriated to the Queen's women, had really interested that unfortunate Princess. Cagliostro, one of those dabbles in pretended sciences or secret discoveries who appear every twenty-five or thirty years to give the most consequential idlers of Paris something to do, a capuchin, and a girl of the Palais Royal were implicated in this trial; no person of any note appeared upon the stage. The man named Declos, a servant of the Queen's chamber and a singer at the chapel, was the only man attached to the service of the Court that Madame de Lamotte dare to cite. He appeared upon the Cardinal's trial. It was to him that she said she had given the necklace. She named him because she had spent an evening with him at the house of the wife of a petty surgeon-accoucheur of Versailles. Thus the pretended friend of the Queen, when she went to pay her court to her, lived at the Belle-Image, and moved in the circle of the humblest townspeople of that place.

As soon as I heard of the sentence passed on the Cardinal I went to the Queen. She heard my voice in the room preceding her closet. She called to me; I found her very much agitated. In a faltering voice, she said to me, "Condole with me; the sharper who wished to ruin me, or get money by misusing my name and adopting my signature, has just being fully acquitted; but," added she, with warmth, "as a Frenchwoman, let me pity you. Unfortunate indeed are a people who have for their supreme tribunal a set of men who consult only their passions; and some of whom are

capable of being corrupted, and others of an audacity which they have always manifested against authority, and which they have just suffered to break out against those who are invested with it."¹ At this moment the King entered, and I wished to withdraw. "Stay," said he to me; "you are one of those who sincerely participate in the grief of your mistress." He went up to the Queen and took her by the hand. "This affair," said he, "has been decided contrary to all principle; however, that is very easily accounted for. To be able to cut this Gordian knot it is not necessary to be an Alexander. In the Cardinal the Parliament saw only a Prince of the Church, a Prince de Rohan, the near relation of a Prince of the Blood, while they ought to have looked upon him as a man unworthy of his ecclesiastical character, a spendthrift, a great nobleman degraded by his shameful connections, a young fashionable trying expedients, like many in Paris, and grasping at everything. He thought he would pay Bœhmer on account sums large enough to discharge the price of the necklace within a moderate time; but he knew the customs of the Court well enough, and was not so silly as to believe that Madame de Lamotte was admitted by the Queen and deputed to execute such a commission."

In giving the King's opinion, I do not pretend to speak decisively on the Cardinal's credulity or dishonesty; but it got abroad, and I am bound to report the exact particulars of a conversation in which he declared it with so little reserve. He still continued to speak of that dreadful trial, and condescended to say to me, "I have saved you a mortification, which you would have experienced without any advantage to the Queen; all the Cardinal's papers were burnt, with the exception of a little note written by him, which was found by itself at the bottom of a drawer; it is dated in the latter end of July, and says that Bœhmer has seen Madame Campan, who told him to beware of the intrigue of which he would become the victim; that she would lay her head upon the block to maintain that the Queen had never wished to have the necklace, and that she had certainly not purchased it secretly. Had you any such conversation with the man?" the King continued. I answered that I remembered having said nearly those very words to him, and that I had informed the Queen of it. "Well," continued he, "I was asked whether it would be agree-

¹ "M. d'Espreménil, a councillor of the Parliament," says the Abbé Georgel in his Memoirs, "but who was not a judge in the affair, found secret means to inform us of very interesting particulars, the knowledge of which was of the greatest utility to us. I owe here this homage to his zeal and condescension."

He adds, in another place, speaking of the moment in which the decree was pronounced: "The sittings were long and multiplied; it was necessary to read the whole proceeding; more than fifty judges sat; a master of requests, a friend of the Prince, wrote down all that was said there, and sent it to his advisers, who found means to inform the Cardinal of it, and to add the plan of conduct he ought to pursue."

D'Espreménil, and other young councillors, in fact, showed upon that occasion but too much audacity in braving the Court, too much eagerness in seizing an opportunity of attacking it. They were the first to shake that authority which their functions made it a duty in them to render respectable. We ought to note errors, which their misfortunes have since but too entirely expiated.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

able to me that you should be summoned to appear, and I replied that it was not absolutely indispensable. I should rather that a person so intimately connected with the Queen as yourself should not be summoned. How could it, for instance, be explained," added the King, "that this man wrote the note in question three weeks before the day on which I spoke to him, without taking any step either with the Queen or myself?"

M. Pierre de Laurence, the Attorney-General's substitute, sent the Queen a list of the names of the members of the Great Chamber, with the means made use of by the Cardinal to gain their votes during the trial. I had this list to keep among the papers which the Queen deposited in the house of M. Campan, my father-in-law, and which at his death she ordered me to preserve. I burnt this statement, and I remember upon this occasion ladies performed a part not very creditable to their morals; it was by them, and in consideration of large sums which they received, that some of the oldest and most respectable heads were seduced. I did not see a single name among the whole Parliament that was gained over directly.

At this period the Queen's happy days terminated. Farewell for ever to the quiet and unostentatious excursions to Trianon, to the entertainments where the magnificence, the wit and the good taste of the Court of France shone forth at the same time; farewell, especially farewell, to that deference and to that respect, the outward shows of which wait upon the throne, while the reality alone is its solid basis.

Note No. 2, Page 64.

Short Account of the Departure of Louis XVI. for Paris, on the 6th of October, 1789,¹ by M. de Saint-Priest.

I think I ought to commence the narrative of what took place at Versailles, on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, by relating the contents of a letter written to me by M. de la Fayette, a few days before. I was unable to preserve it, as my papers were burnt in France during my emigration; but I have copied it from Bailly's Journal, printed after his death.

"The Duke de la Rochefoucauld will have informed you of the idea, put into the grenadiers' heads, of going to Versailles this night. I wrote to you not to be uneasy about it, because I rely upon their confidence in me in order to divert them from this project. I owe them the justice to say that they had intended to ask my permission to do so, and that many of them thought it was a very proper step, and one ordered by me. Their very slight inclination has been destroyed by four words which I said to them. The affair is off my mind, except as to the idea of the inexhaustible resources of the plotters of mischief.

¹ Interested as we are for the cause of truth, which is confirmed by contradictory testimonies, we cannot too strongly recommend the reader to compare this interesting account with the details contained in the *Memoirs of Ferrières, Dusaulx and Bailly*, and the explanation annexed to those of Weber.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

You should not consider this circumstance as anything more than an indication of a design, and by no means as dangerous."

M. de la Fayette did not rely so much as he told me he did upon the obedience of these grenadiers who had formerly belonged to the French guards, since he posted detachments of the unpaid National Guards at Sèvres and at St. Cloud, to guard those passages of the River Seine. He informed me of it, and ordered the commandant of those posts to apprise me, if there should be any occasion.

These arrangements appeared to me insufficient for the safety of the Royal residence. I took M. de la Fayette's letter to the Council of State, and made it the ground of a proposal to reinforce Versailles with some regular troops. I observed that M. de la Fayette's letter afforded a plausible reason for it, and offered the means of literally complying with the decree sanctioned by the King, which gave the municipal authorities the first right to direct the action of regular troops. The King, by the advice of his Council, approved of my proposal, and charged me to execute it. I consequently addressed M. de la Fayette's letter to the municipality of Versailles, after having apprised the mayor of it. This document was entered in the register, and a resolution was made for demanding a reinforcement of troops for the executive power. Invested with this authority, I observed to the Minister of War that the Flanders regiment of foot being on the march, escorting a convoy of arms destined for the Parisian National Guard, from Douai to Paris, it would be well to draw that body to Versailles as soon as its mission should be fulfilled, in order to prevent, at least in part, the ferment which the arrival of a corps of soldiers of the line in the Royal residence would not fail to occasion at Paris and in the National Assembly. This measure was adopted by the Council. Bailly, in his Journal, says that he wrote to me respecting the uneasiness it gave the districts of Paris. He adds that I replied that "the arrival of armed men in the Royal residence, announced by circumstantial reports, had determined the King to call in the Flanders regiment, and to take military measures upon the subject."

I am the less able to recollect what I could have meant by that, inasmuch as I am certain I never took any step of a military nature, beyond that of desiring the Flanders regiment to march in a military manner, without turning aside from their destination.

It is true that the civic authorities of Paris, in pursuance of my answer to Bailly, had the insolence to send four deputies to Versailles, to learn from the King's ministers their reasons for calling in the Flanders regiment. These deputies alighted at my house, and one of them, M. Dusaulx, a member of the Académie des Belles Lettres, was the spokesman. He interrogated me upon the matter in question in the most imperious manner, informing me that carrying it into execution would be followed by fatal consequences. I answered with all the moderation I could command, that this demand of a regiment of the line was a

natural consequence of the information communicated by a letter from M. de la Fayette. I added that I gave him this answer as from myself, the King not having authorised me to answer a question which His Majesty could never have imagined anyone would dare to put to his minister. M. Dusaulx and his three brother deputies returned much dissatisfied. M. de Condorcet was one of them. Some factious members of the National Assembly likewise meddled in the matter. M. Alexandre Lameth and M. Barnave spoke to me and endeavoured to persuade me to induce the King to revoke his call for this regiment of the line. I answered them in such a manner as to leave them no hope of it. The regiment arrived at Versailles without meeting the smallest obstacle. The conspirators gave the old French guards to understand that it was destined to guard the King in their stead, which was untrue; but that served to make them resume their project of coming to Versailles. I am ignorant whether they had any other view than to take their post again, or whether they had already determined to bring the King back to Paris. However that may have been, the event soon took place.

The body-guards gave a regimental entertainment to the officers of the Flanders regiment, and invited a few subaltern officers and soldiers, as well as some of the National Guards of Versailles. It was an old custom for the military corps quartered at any place to pay this compliment to others which arrived there. Upon such occasions many healths will, of course, be drunk, and the repasts must, of necessity be always noisy; and this was the case with the present. The regimental band had been invited, and the air beginning, "O Richard! O my King!" from the play of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, excited the liveliest enthusiasm. It was thought right to go and fetch the Queen, to increase the fervour. And, in fact, Her Majesty came with the Dauphin, which prompted fresh acclamation. When the company left the dining-hall, a few soldiers, perhaps affected by wine, appeared in the marble court below the apartments of the King, who had returned from hunting. Shouts of "Vive le Roi!" were heard; and one of the soldiers, with the assistance of his comrades, climbed up on the outside as high as the balcony of the chamber of His Majesty, who did not show himself. I was in my closet, and I sent to know what occasioned the noise, and was informed. I have, however, no reason to believe that the national cockade was trampled under foot; and it is less likely, because the King wore it at that time and it would have been a want of respect to His Majesty himself. It was a lie invented to irritate the minds of the Parisian National Guard.

The Count d'Estaing commanded the National Guard of Versailles at that time. The King gave him, also, the command of all the regular troops there. They consisted of the two battalions of the Flanders regiment, two hundred chasseurs des Evêchés, eight hundred mounted body-guards, and the Swiss guard on duty. On the 5th of October, at about eleven in

the morning, one of my *valets de chambre* came from Paris to apprise me that the Parisian National Guard, both paid and unpaid, accompanied by a numerous populace of men and women, had set out for Versailles. The King was hunting on the heights of Meudon, and I wrote to tell him of it. His Majesty returned promptly, and ordered that the Council of State should be summoned for half-past three. The Council then consisted of eight ministers: the Marshal de Beauvau, the Archbishop of Vienna, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, Keeper of the Seals, M. Necker, Minister of the Finances, and the Counts de Montmorin, de la Luzerne, de Latour du Pin and de Saint-Priest, Secretaries of State.

I laid before the Council the information I had received, and which had been subsequently confirmed by several other reports. I represented the danger that would attend the waiting for this multitude at Versailles, and I proposed measures to be pursued on this emergency. They were, that detachments should be sent to guard the bridges across the Seine, a battalion of the Flanders regiment for that at Sèvres, another for that at St. Cloud, and the Swiss guard for that at Neuilly, and that the King should send the Queen and the Royal Family to Rambouillet, where the chasseurs of the regiment of Lorraine were, while His Majesty himself should go and meet the Parisians with the two hundred chasseurs des Evêchés and his eight hundred body-guards. The thousand horse being drawn up in order of battle beyond the bridge of Sèvres, the King was to order the Parisian band to retire, and in case they should disobey, was to make a few charges of cavalry to endeavour to disperse them. Then, if this should be unsuccessful, the King would have time to regain Versailles at the head of his troops and march immediately to Rambouillet. My advice was approved of by Marshal de Beauvau, M. de la Luzerne, and M. de Latour du Pin; and warmly opposed by M. Necker, seconded by Count de Montmorin and the Archbishops of Vienna and Bordeaux. M. Necker insisted that there was no danger in suffering the multitude to come to Versailles, where its object was, probably, only to present some petition to the King; and should the worst happen, if His Majesty should find it necessary to reside at Paris, he would be venerated and respected there by his people, who adored him.

I replied by opposing to this reasoning the origin and the features of this proceeding, which completely contradicted all these pretended dispositions of the people of Paris.

The King did not declare himself as to the course he should pursue; he broke up the Council and that we knew he went to consult the Queen. She declared that she would not upon any consideration whatever separate herself from him and her children, which rendered the execution of the measure I had proposed impossible. Thus perplexed, we did nothing but wait. However, I sent an order to the Swiss barracks at Courbevoie that all belonging to the regiment of guards who were then there, should immediately repair to Versailles, which was promptly done.

The National Assembly was sitting when information of the march of the Parisians was given to it by one of the deputies who came from Paris. A certain number of the members were no strangers to this movement. It appears that Mirabeau wished to avail himself of it to raise the Duke of Orleans to the throne. It was then that Mounier, who presided over the National Assembly, rejected the idea with horror. "*My good man,*" said Mirabeau to him, "*what difference will it make to you to have Louis XVII. for your King instead of Louis XVI.?*" The Duke of Orleans was baptised Louis.

Mounier, seeing the urgency of the case, proposed that the Assembly should declare itself permanent and inseparable from His Majesty; which was decreed. Mirabeau then insisted that the deputation which should carry up this decree to the King should demand his sanction to some others which had remained in arrear; among others, that of the rights of man, in which some alterations were desired. But existing circumstances carried the King's sanction. A few female citizens then presented themselves to offer civic gifts. It seems they were sent to keep the Assembly employed until the arrival of the Parisians. They were admitted, and the scene was ridiculous enough.

The Count d'Estaing had ordered the mounted body-guards to horse, and stationed them in the Place d'Armes, in advance of the post of the French guard, which was occupied by a detachment of the National Guard of Versailles, commanded by a man named Lecointre, a draper, and a man of very bad disposition. He was displeased that the body-guards left his soldiers in the second line, and tried to raise some quarrel in order to dislodge them. For that purpose he sent persons, who slipped between the ranks of the soldiers, to annoy the horses. M. de Savannières, an officer of the body-guards, while giving chase to these wretches, received a musket-shot from the National Guard, of which he died. A short time afterwards, M. d'Estaing, who had received a secret order from the King not to make any attack, sent the body-guard back to their hotel. They were saluted, as they went off, by a few musket-shots from the National Guard of Versailles, by which some men and horses were wounded. When they reached their hotel they found it pillaged by the populace of Versailles, which brought them back to their former position.

The Flanders regiment was under arms at the end of the avenue of Versailles. Mirabeau and some other deputies mingled among the ranks of the soldiery. It is asserted that they distributed money to them. The soldiers dispersed themselves in the public-houses in the town, and reassembled in the evening, when they were shut up in the King's stables.

As to the body-guards, M. d'Estaing knew not what to do beyond bringing them into the courtyard of the ministers and shutting the gratings. Thence they proceeded to the castle terrace, then to Trianon, and, lastly, to Rambouillet.

I could not refrain from expressing to M. d'Estaing, when he came to the King, my astonishment at not seeing him make any military disposition. "Sir," replied he, "I await the orders of

the King" (who did not open his mouth). "When the King gives no orders," pursued I, "a general should decide for himself in a soldierlike manner." This observation remained unanswered. About seven o'clock in the evening a kind of advanced guard from Paris, consisting of ill-armed men and women of the rabble, arrived at the gates of the ministers' courtyard, which those within refused to open. The mob then demanded that a few women should be permitted to go and present a supplication to the King. His Majesty ordered that six should be let in, and desired me to go into the "bull's-eye" and there hear what they had to say. I accordingly went. One of these women, whom I afterwards found to be a common strumpet, spoke to acquaint me that a scarcity of bread existed in Paris, and that the people came to ask bread of His Majesty. I answered that the King had taken all the steps which could depend on him for preventing the injurious effects of the failure in the last harvest; and I added that calamities of this nature ought to be borne with patience, as drought was borne when there was a dearth of rain. I dismissed the women, telling them to return to Paris, and to assure their fellow-citizens of the King's affection for the people of his capital. It was then that a private individual, whom I did not know at that time, but whom I have since found to have been the Marquis de Favras, proposed to me to mount a number of gentlemen then present upon horses from the King's stables, and that they should meet the Parisians and force them to retreat. I answered him that the King's horses, not being trained to the kind of service which he proposed, would be but ill-adapted to it, and would only endanger their riders, without answering any purpose. I returned to the King to give him an account of my conversation with the women. Shortly afterwards the King assembled the Council. It was dark; we were scarcely seated when an aide-de-camp of M. de la Fayette, named Villars, brought me a letter written to me by that General from near Auteuil, half a league from Paris. He informed me that he was on his march with the National Guard of Paris, both paid and unpaid, and a part of the people of Paris, who came to make remonstrances to the King. He begged me to assure His Majesty that no disorder would take place, and that he vouched for it. Notwithstanding this tone of confidence, it is certain that La Fayette had been dragged to Versailles against his will at the moment when he endeavoured to stop the old French guards, who were already on their march, upon the Pont Royal. It is not the less true that he had become familiar with the idea of marching to Versailles since the first time he had written to me about it. He had even spoken to me on the subject, as believing it at that time preferable that the King should reside at Paris instead of Versailles; but undoubtedly he would have preferred the adoption of some other method of taking His Majesty thither.

After I had read M. de la Fayette's letter to the Council, I recapitulated my advice of the afternoon, observing, however, that it was now impossible to resort to the measures I had then proposed, but that it was of importance that the King, with his family and regular troops, should set off for Rambouillet. The contest

between M. Necker and myself now grew warmer than upon the former occasion. I explained the risks which the King and his family would incur if they did not avoid them by departing. I dwelt upon the advantages that would be gained by quitting Versailles for Rambouillet, and I concluded by saying to the King, "*Sire, if you are taken to Paris to-morrow, your crown is lost!*" The King was shaken, and he arose to go and speak to the Queen, who this time consented to the departure. M. Necker says, in one of his works: "*He alone (the King) was to determine, and he determined to remain at Versailles. Out of a considerable number of persons, one alone, as far as I remember, was for the departure, and without any modification.*"

It is probably to myself that M. Necker attributes this isolated opinion, but his memory has failed him, for it is a fact that M. de Beauvau, M. de la Luzerne and M. de Latour du Pin were constantly of my opinion.

M. Necker passes over in silence the order which the King gave me on re-entering the council chamber, to have his carriages got ready, which broke up the Council. I told His Majesty that I would execute his orders, send off my wife and children to Rambouillet, and proceed thither myself, to be ready to receive him upon his arrival. I deputed the Chevalier de Cubières, equerry, to carry to the stables the order for getting the carriages ready, and I went home to make my own arrangements. After regulating everything with Madame de Saint-Priest for her departure, I got on horseback, wrapped up in my cloak, that I might not be observed, and succeeded in keeping myself concealed. I had scarcely proceeded half a league when my wife's carriage overtook me. She informed me that M. de Montmorin had sent her word that the King was no longer willing to set out; "but," added she, "I would not countermand the arrangements you had made." I begged she would proceed on her journey, most happy in the reflection that she and my children would be far from the scene which I then anticipated would take place on the morrow. As for myself, I retraced my steps and re-entered by one of the park gates, where I dismissed my horses and went through the gardens to the King's apartments. There I found M. de la Fayette, who had just arrived. He personally confirmed to His Majesty all the assurances which he had by letter desired me to give him, and went to bed, extremely fatigued by the events of the day, without making any fresh arrangement for the safety of the castle. The King, as he withdrew, gave orders to the captain of his guards to prohibit his subalterns from making any attack.

I never knew perfectly what made the King change his mind respecting his departure. I returned home in great anxiety, and threw myself, dressed as I was, upon my bed. It was impossible for me to close my eyes on account of the noise made by the mob from Paris, with which the streets of Versailles were filled. At daybreak I went into my closet, the windows of which commanded the courtyard of the ministers; at that very moment I saw the gates open, and a frenzied multitude of banditti, armed with pikes and bludgeons, and some of them with sabres and muskets, rush into the courtyard and run with the utmost speed to the courtyard

of the Princes, wherein the staircase leading to the apartments of Their Majesties is situated. They all passed below my windows without seeing me. I waited about a quarter of an hour, and saw a considerable number of them bringing back a dozen of the body-guards, whom they had seized in the Queen's guard-room and were going to massacre in the Place d'Armes. Fortunately for these unhappy men M. de la Fayette appeared with some soldiers of the guards, whom he employed to drive off the banditti. It is known that they immediately went up to the Queen's apartments; that the body-guard suffered them to enter their guard-room without opposition, in pursuance of the King's orders; that, however, those who stood sentinels at the door of the Queen's ante-chamber made some resistance, and gave the footmen time to awaken the Queen and barricade the door with trunks and chairs; and that Her Majesty, alarmed by the noise, took refuge in the King's rooms through the communication between their apartments. The rioters then made their way in, and, finding their prey escaped, committed no violence in the apartments. But they had assassinated two of the body-guards, and wounded many others in the guard-room, which was the result of the King's order of the preceding day to make no opposition. M. de la Fayette went up to the King's rooms, and found the door of the ante-chamber, called the "bull's-eye," closed and barricaded. He parleyed with the body-guards, who had taken refuge there to preserve His Majesty's apartments. Upon M. de la Fayette's assurances the door was opened. He then stationed there some grenadiers, who, in conjunction with the body-guards, kept that entry closed until the King's departure for Paris. The door by which the King generally went out to get into his carriage remained constantly free—the people of Paris were not aware of its existence. I wrapped myself in a great-coat to make my way through the crowd which filled the courtyard, and went up to the King's apartments. I found him with the Queen and the Dauphin in the balcony of his bedroom, protected by M. de la Fayette, who harangued the rabble from time to time; but all his speeches could not stop their shouts of "*To Paris, to Paris!*" There were even a few musket-shots fired from the courtyard, which fortunately struck nobody. The King occasionally withdrew into his room to sit down and rest himself; he was in a state of stupefaction, which it is difficult to describe or even to imagine. I accosted him repeatedly, and represented to him that delay in yielding to the wishes of the mob was useless and dangerous; that it was necessary he should promise to go to Paris, and that this was the only way of getting rid of these savages, who might the very next moment proceed to the utmost extremities, to which there were not wanting persons to excite them. To all this the King did not answer one single word. The Queen, who was present, said to me, "*Ah! Monsieur de Saint-Priest, why did we not go away last night!*" I could not refrain from saying in reply, "*It is no fault of mine.*" "*I know that well,*" answered she.

These remarks proved to me that she had no share in His Majesty's change of determination. He made up his mind at last,

about eleven o'clock, to promise to go to Paris. Some cries of "Vive le Roi!" were then heard, and the mob began to quit the courtyards and take the road to the capital. Care had been taken to send cartloads of bread from Paris during the night to feed the multitude. I left the King in order to be at the Tuileries before him, and as I took the St. Cloud road I met with no obstacle. I dined with the Ambassador of the Two Sicilies, and proceeded to the Tuileries, ready for the arrival of Their Majesties. I had not calculated that their unfortunate journey, which was a real martyrdom, would have occupied so much time. Their carriage was preceded by the heads of two murdered body-guards carried upon pikes. The carriage was surrounded by ruffians, who contemplated the Royal personages with a brutal curiosity. A few of the body-guards on foot and unarmed, covered by the former French guards, followed dejectedly; and to complete the climax, after six or seven hours spent in travelling from Versailles to Paris, Their Majesties were led to the Hôtel de Ville as if to make the *amende honorable*. I know not who ordered this. The King ascended the Hôtel de Ville, and said that he came freely to reside in his capital. As he spoke in a low tone of voice, "Tell them, then," said the Queen, "that the King comes freely to reside in his capital." "*You are more fortunate than if I had uttered it,*" said Bailly, "*since the Queen herself has given you this favourable assurance.*" This was a falsehood, in which His Majesty was obviously contradicted by facts; never had he acted less freely. It was near ten at night when the King reached the Tuileries. As he got out of his carriage I told him that if I had known he was going to the Hôtel de Ville I would have waited for him there. "*I did not know it myself,*" replied the King in a tone of dejection.

On the morrow the body-guard, who had passed the night upon benches in the Castle of the Tuileries, were dismissed. M. de la Fayette filled up all the posts with the National Guard of Paris, which was commanded by himself, and hence he became the keeper of the Royal Family.

Thus was fulfilled what I had told the King on the preceding day at Versailles, namely, that if he suffered himself to be dragged to Paris he would lose his crown. I did not then suspect that the life also of the unhappy monarch depended upon that false step.

When I reflect how many favourable consequences would have resulted from a more steadfast resolution to quit Versailles, I feel myself even at this day filled with regret.

In the first place M. de Villars, M. de la Fayette's aide-de-camp, who brought me the letter from the latter to Versailles on the 5th of October, told me that he had been sent by his general to the bridge of Sèvres to know whether it was defended, and that if it had been he would have retreated. Secondly, Madame de Saint-Priest, on her arrival at Rambouillet, saw there a deputation from the city of Chartres, which is in its neighbourhood. They came in the name of their fellow-citizens to entreat His Majesty would make their city his asylum, to assure him they abhorred the insolence of the Parisians, and that they would lay down their lives and property in support of His Majesty's authority—an example which would

infallibly have been followed by the other towns one after another, and in particular by Orleans, which was wholly devoted to the Royal cause. The Mayor of Rambouillet has since assured me that the request of the deputation from Chartres was transcribed into the registers of the municipality of Rambouillet. It must be there still. Thirdly, the National Assembly, under the presidency of Mounier, a man of integrity, who had the welfare of the State at heart, had declared itself inseparable from His Majesty. It would therefore have followed him to Rambouillet and Chartres. It is probable, moreover, that the factious leaders would not have ventured themselves there, and that the National Assembly, purified by their absence, would have knit itself to the King, whose intentions were pure, and that useful reforms would have been the results without an overthrow of the monarchical Constitution. Fourthly, and lastly, if it had been necessary to come to extremities for the reduction of Paris, what advantages would not the Royal party have possessed over that city, which at that time subsisted only upon the corn carried up the Seine! By stopping the convoys at Pontoise, Paris would have been starved. Besides, the King would easily have collected round him 10,000 men in four days, and 40,000 in five, secure of being able to concentrate still more considerable forces if circumstances should require it. The army under M. de Bouillé, in his district of Metz, would have been ready to march in a very short time, and under such a general the insurgents would speedily have been subdued.

Such is the correct narrative which I determined to give, as an eye-witness, and even as an actor, on the days of the 5th and 6th of October. It may one day contribute to the history of that remarkable period which, by its consequences, has perhaps decided the fate of the universe.

Note No. 3, Page 133.

Four or five months before the ill-omened journey to Varennes the Queen secretly began preparing for it. She was anxious to send before her several things very useful at ordinary times, but which it would then have been more prudent to lock upon as superfluous.

I was ordered to prepare, with the utmost secrecy, a complete wardrobe for the Queen, her daughter and the Dauphin. The espionage of the Assembly was at that time carried to such a pitch, and the most indifferent actions of persons known to possess the confidence of Their Majesties were scrutinised with so much care, that I was obliged to go on foot, and almost disguised, to purchase all the necessary articles.

My sister prepared the clothes intended for Madame and the Dauphin, under pretence of sending a present into the country. The trunks went to the frontiers as belonging to one of my aunts, Madame Candon, widow of the Mayor of Arras, who proceeded to Brussels under an order to wait there for the Queen, and who did not return to France until after the acceptance of the Constitution in September, 1791. A *nécessaire* of enormous size, containing various

articles, from a warming-pan to a silver porringer, was considered indispensable. The Queen was devising some way of forwarding her *nécessaire* to Brussels. She had ordered it at the time of the first insurrections in 1789, to be made use of *in case of precipitate flight*. The moment for using it was come. She would not be deprived of it.

I opposed the execution of this resolution with every effort of reasoning. A piece of furniture of great bulk, and adapted for travelling, could not be sent out of the Queen's chamber without giving rise to much suspicion, and perhaps to a denunciation. It was at last determined that M. F—— S——, of the embassy from Vienna, at that time *chargé d'affaires* in the absence of the Count de Mercy, should ask the Queen, as from Madame the *Gouvernante*, for a *nécessaire* similar in every respect to her own. The directions to get the Archduchess's commission executed were given to me publicly. The Queen thought this stratagem sufficient for eluding all suspicion, but she deceived herself. Those who are born to thrones are, above all others, wanting in the knowledge of mankind.

In vain did I urge the manufacturer to send home the work. He required two months more for that purpose, and the moment fixed on for the departure drew near. The Queen, still too intent upon this trifle, thought that, having really ordered a *nécessaire* under a pretence of presenting it to her sister, she might feign a wish to put her in possession of it earlier, and send her own, and she desired me to send it off.

I gave directions to the wardrobe-woman, whose business it was to attend to particulars of this nature, to put the *nécessaire* into a condition to be packed up and carried in the Queen's name to M. de —, who was to forward it to Brussels.

The woman in question executed her commission punctually, but on the evening of that very day, the 15th of May, 1791, she informed M. Bailly, the mayor of Paris, that preparations were making at the Queen's residence for a departure, and that the *nécessaire* was already sent off under pretence of its being presented to Madame Christina.

It was necessary, likewise, to send off the whole of the diamonds belonging to the Queen. Her Majesty shut herself up with me in a closet belonging to the *entresol* looking into the garden of the Tuileries, and we packed all the diamonds, rubies and pearls she possessed in a small chest. The cases containing these ornaments being altogether of considerable bulk, had been deposited ever since the 6th of October, 1789, with the *valet de chambre* who had the care of the Queen's jewels. That faithful servant, himself guessing the use that had been made of the valuables, destroyed all the boxes, which were as usual covered with red morocco marked with the cipher and arms of France. It would have been impossible for him to hide them from the eyes of the popular inquisitors during the domiciliary visits in January, 1793, and the discovery might have formed a ground of accusation against the Queen.

I had but a few articles to place in the box, when the Queen

was compelled to suspend the operation of packing it, being under the necessity of going down to cards, which began at seven precisely. She therefore desired me to leave all the diamonds upon the sofa, persuaded that, as she took the key of her closet herself and there was a sentinel under the window, no danger was to be apprehended for that night, and she reckoned upon returning very early the next day to finish the work.

The same woman who had given information of the sending away of the *necessaire* was also deputed by the Queen to take care of her more private closets. No other servant was permitted to enter them; she renewed the flowers, swept the carpets, &c. The Queen received back the key of her closets, when she had finished putting them in order, from her own hands; but this woman, desirous of doing her duty well, and having the key sometimes for a few minutes only, had probably on that account alone ordered one without the Queen's knowledge. She made a formal declaration that Her Majesty, with the assistance of Madame Campan, had packed up the whole of her jewellery some time before the departure; that she was certain of it, as she had found the diamonds and the cotton-wool which served to wrap them scattered upon the sofa in the Queen's closet in the *entresol*, and most assuredly she could only have seen these preparations in the interval between seven in the evening and seven in the morning. The Queen having met me the next day at the time appointed, the box was handed over to Leonard, Her Majesty's hairdresser.

The box remained a long time at Brussels; at length it got into the hands of Madame the Duchess d'Angoulême, being delivered to her by the Emperor on her arrival at Vienna. I will here add some particulars for which there was no proper place elsewhere. In order not to leave out any of the Queen's diamonds, I requested the first tire-woman to give me the body of the full dress, and all the assortment which served for the stomacher of the full dress on the days of State, articles which always remained at the wardrobe.

The superintendent and the *dame d'honneur* being absent, the first tire-woman required me to sign her a receipt, the terms of which she herself dictated, and which acquitted her of all responsibility for these diamonds. She had the prudence to burn this document on the crisis of the 10th of August. The Queen having determined, upon the much-to-be-lamented arrest at Varennes, not to have her diamonds brought back to France, was often very anxious about them during the year which elapsed between that period and that of the 10th of August, and dreaded above all things that such a secret should be discovered.

In consequence of a decree of the Assembly which deprived the King of the custody of the Crown diamonds, the Queen gave up those which she generally used.

She preferred the twelve brilliants called *mazarines*, from the name of the cardinal who had enriched the Treasury with them, a few rose-cut diamonds and the *sanci*. She determined to deliver, with her own hands, the box containing them to the commissioner nominated by the National Assembly, to place them with the Crown diamonds. After giving them to him, she presented him a row of

fine pearls of great beauty, saying to him, "that it had been brought into France by Anne of Austria; that it was invaluable on account of its rarity; that having been appropriated by that Princess to the use of the Queens and Dauphinesses, Louis XV. had placed it in her hands on her arrival in France; but that she considered it national property." "That is a question, madam," said the commissary; "that is a matter of opinion." "Sir," resumed the Queen, "it is an opinion on which I have a right to decide, and I now set it at rest."

My father-in-law, who was drawing near his end and dying of the grief he felt for the misfortunes of his master and mistress, strongly interested and occupied the thoughts of the Queen. He had been saved from the fury of the populace in the courtyard of the Tuileries.

On the day on which the King was compelled, by an insurrection, to give up a journey to St. Cloud, Her Majesty looked upon this trusty servant as inevitably lost if, on going away, she should leave him in the apartment he occupied in the Tuileries. Prompted by her apprehensions, she ordered M. Vicq-d'Azyr, her physician, to recommend him the waters of Mont d'Or, in Auvergne, and to persuade him to set off at the latter end of May. At the moment of my going away, the Queen assured me that the grand project would be executed between the 15th and the 20th of June; that as it was not my month to be on duty, Madame Thibaut would take the journey; but that she had many directions to give me before I went. She then desired me to write to my aunt, Madame Cardon, who was by that time in possession of the clothes which I had ordered, that as soon as she should receive a letter from M. Anguié, the date of which should be accompanied with a B, an L, or an M, she was to proceed with her property to Brussels, Luxembourg or Montmédy. She desired me clearly to explain to my sister the meaning of these three letters and to leave them with her in writing, in order that at the moment of my going away she might be able to succeed me in writing to Arras. The Queen had a more delicate commission for me; it was to select from among my acquaintance a prudent person of obscure rank, but wholly devoted to the interests of the Court, who would be willing to receive a portfolio which she was to give up only to me or someone furnished with a note from the Queen. She added that she would not travel with this portfolio, but that it was of the utmost importance that my opinion of the fidelity of the person to whom it was to be entrusted should be matured and well founded. I proposed to her Madame Vallayer Coster, an amiable and a worthy artist whom I had known from my infancy, and whose sentiments were not to be doubted. She lived in the galleries of the Louvre. The choice seemed a good one. The Queen remembered that she had portioned her by giving her a place in the financial offices, and added that gratitude ought sometimes to be reckoned on. She then pointed out to me the valet belonging to her toilette whom I was to take with me to show him the residence of Madame Coster in the galleries of the Louvre, so that he might not mistake it when he should take the portfolio to her. On the evening preceding my departure, the Queen

particularly recommended me to proceed to Lyons and the frontiers as soon as she should have departed. She advised me to take with me a confidential person fit to remain with M. Campan when I should leave him, and assured me she would give orders to M—— to set off as soon as she should be known to be at the frontiers, in order to protect me in going out. She condescended to add that, having a long journey to make in foreign countries, she determined to give me 300 louis. I bathed the Queen's hands with tears at the moment of this sorrowful separation, and having money at my disposal, I declined accepting of her gold. I did not dread the tiresome road I had to travel in order to rejoin her; all my apprehension was that, by treachery or miscalculation, a scheme, the practicability of which was not sufficiently clear to me, should fail. I could answer for all those who belonged to the service immediately about the Queen's person, and I was right; but her wardrobe woman gave me well-founded reason for alarm. I ventured to communicate this to the Queen; I had never taken advantage of the confidence with which I was honoured by her to do anyone an injury; but at this moment it was my duty to act in opposition to my principles. I mentioned to the Queen a number of revolutionary remarks which this woman had made to me a few days before. Her office was directly under the control of the first *femme de chambre*, yet she had refused to obey the directions I gave her, talking insolently to me about *hierarchy overturned, equality among men*, of course, more especially among persons holding offices at Court; and this jargon of words, at that time in the mouths of all the partisans of the Revolution, was terminated by an observation which frightened me. "You know many important secrets, madam," said this woman to me; "and I have guessed quite as many. I am not a fool; I see all that is going forward here, in consequence of the bad advice given to the King and Queen; I could frustrate it all if I chose." I left this contention, in which I had been promptly silenced, pale and trembling. Unfortunately, as I began my narrative to the Queen, with particulars of the woman's refusal to obey me (and Sovereigns being all their lives importuned with complaints upon the prerogatives of places), she believed that my own dissatisfaction had much to do with the step I was taking, and she did not sufficiently fear the woman. Her office, although a very inferior one, brought her in nearly 15,000 francs yearly. Still young, tolerably handsome, with comfortable apartments in the *entresols* of the Tuileries, she saw a great deal of company, and in the evening had assemblies consisting of deputies of the revolutionary party. M. de Gouvion, major-general of the National Guard, passed almost every day with her, and it is to be presumed that she had long been subservient to the views of the party in opposition to the Court. The Queen asked her for the key of a door which led to the principal vestibule of the Tuileries, telling her she wished to have a similar one, that she might not be under the necessity of going out through the Pavilion of Flora. M. de Gouvion and M. de la Fayette would, of course,

be informed of this circumstance, and persons possessing exceedingly good intelligence have assured me that, on the very night of the Queen's departure, this wretched woman had a spy with her, who saw the Royal Family set off.

As for myself, after I had executed all the Queen's orders, on the 30th of May, 1791, I set out for Auvergne. I was settled in the gloomy narrow valley of the Mont d'Or, when, about four in the afternoon of the 25th of June, I heard the beat of a drum, to call the inhabitants of the hamlet together. When it had ceased, I heard a hairdresser from Besse proclaim in the provincial dialect of Auvergne: "The King and Queen were taking flight in order to ruin France, but I come to tell you that they are stopped, and are well guarded by a hundred thousand men under arms." I still ventured to hope that he was repeating only a false report, but he went on, "The Queen, with her well-known haughtiness, lifted up the veil which covered her face, and said to the citizens who were upbraiding the King, 'Well, since you recognise your Sovereign, respect him.'" Upon hearing these expressions, which the Jacobin Club of Clermont could hardly have invented, I exclaimed, "The news is true!"

I should but ill-express the despair which overwhelmed me, and it would fill too secondary a situation in the account of so important an event. I immediately learned that a courier having come from Paris to Clermont, the attorney of the commune had sent off messengers to the chief places of the province; these again sent couriers to the districts, and the districts in like manner informed the villages and hamlets which they contained. It was through this ramification, arising out of the establishment of clubs, that the afflicting intelligence of the misfortune of my Sovereigns reached me in the wildest part of France, and in the midst of the snows by which we were environed.

On the 23rd I received a note written in a hand which I recognised as that of M. Diet, usher of the Queen's chamber, but dictated by Her Majesty. It contained these words: "I am this moment arrived. I have just got into my bath. I, and my family, exist. I have suffered much. Do not return to Paris until I desire you. Take good care of my poor Campan; soothe his sorrow. Look for happier times."

This note was, for greater safety, addressed to my father-in-law's *valet de chambre*. What were my feelings, on perceiving that, after the most distressing crisis, we were among the first objects of the kindness of that unfortunate Princess!

M. Campan having been unable to use the waters of Mont d'Or, and the first popular effervescence having subsided, I thought I might return to Clermont. The Committee of Surveillance, or that of General Safety, had resolved to arrest me there; but the Abbé Louis, formerly a parliamentary councillor, and then a member of the Constituent Assembly, was kind enough to affirm that I was in Auvergne solely for the purpose of attending my father-in-law, who was extremely ill. The precautions relative to my absence from Paris, were limited to placing us under the surveillance of the attorney of the commune, who was at

the same time president of the Jacobin club; but he was also a physician of repute, and, without having any doubt that he had received secret orders relative to me, I thought it would contribute to our quiet if I selected him to attend my patient. I paid him according to the rate of payment made to the best Paris physicians, and I requested him to visit us every morning and evening. I took the precaution to subscribe to no other newspaper than the *Moniteur*. Dr. Monestier (for that was the physician's name) frequently took upon himself to read it to us. Whenever he thought proper to speak of the King and Queen in the insulting and brutal terms at that time unfortunately adopted throughout France, I used to stop him, and say coolly, "Sir, you are here in company with the servants of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Whatever may be the wrongs with which the nation believes it has to reproach them, our principles forbid our losing sight of the respect due to them from us." Notwithstanding he was an inveterate patriot, he felt the force of this remark, and even procured the revocation of a second order for our arrest, becoming responsible for us to the Committee of the Assembly and to the Jacobin Society.

The two chief women about the Dauphin, who had accompanied the Queen to Varennes, Diet, her usher, and Camot, her *garçon de toilette*; the females, on account of the journey, and the men in consequence of the denunciation of the woman belonging to the wardrobe, were sent to the prisons of the Abbaye. After my departure the *garçon de toilette*, whom I had taken to Madame Vallayer Coster's, was sent there with the portfolio she had agreed to receive. This commission could not escape the detestable spy upon the Queen. She gave information that a portfolio had been carried out on the evening of the departure, adding that the King had placed it upon the Queen's sofa; that the *garçon de toilette* wrapped it up in a napkin and took it under his arm, and that she did not know where he had carried it. The man, who was remarkable for his fidelity, underwent three examinations without making the slightest disclosure. M. Diet, a man of good family, a servant on whom the Queen placed particular reliance, likewise experienced the severest treatment. At length, after a lapse of three weeks, the Queen succeeded in obtaining the emancipation of her servants.

The Queen, about the 15th of August, had me informed by letter that I might come back to Paris without being under any apprehension of arrest there, and that she greatly desired my return. I brought my father-in-law back in a dying state, and on the day preceding that of the acceptance of the Constitutional Act, I informed the Queen that he was no more. "The loss of Lassonne and Campan," said she, as she applied her handkerchief to her streaming eyes, "has taught me how valuable such subjects are to their masters. I shall never find their equals."

I resumed my functions about the Queen on the 1st of September, 1791. I was struck with the astonishing change misfortune had wrought upon her features. Her whole head of hair had turned almost white during the transit from Varennes to Paris. She had lost the power of sleeping soundly. Wishing to have as

soon as possible the consolation under her troubles which day brought to her, she would not have her shutters closed. I found all the guards, established in the most retired parts of her apartments, still in existence. A commandant of battalion usually spent the night sitting in the space between the two doors of the saloon and the bedroom. The folding doors were open on the Queen's side, and his arm-chair was placed so that he should not lose sight of her. There was even some hesitation about suffering a post-bedstead to be brought every evening near the Queen's bed for her first woman to lie upon, and it was alleged that this bedstead would prevent the commandant having his eyes directly upon that of the Queen.

The door of the room in which the Royal Family sat remained open all day, so that the guards could see them and hear what they said. The King closed it repeatedly, and it was as often immediately opened by the officer, who said to him, in an authoritative tone, "*I beg this door may not be shut*; such are my orders." One of the captains of the guard constantly passed four-and-twenty successive hours at the bottom of the dark corridor which runs behind the Queen's apartments. He had a table and two wax lights near him. This post, which was like the closest prison, was by no means sought after. Saint-Prix, an actor belonging to the Comédie Française, almost appropriated it to himself, and his conduct in it towards his unfortunate Sovereigns was always respectful and affecting. The King came to the Queen's apartments through this corridor, and the actor of the Théâtre Français often afforded the august and unfortunate couple the consolation of conversing together without any witness. To such an extent was severity carried that an officer named Collet had to get rescinded the order which enjoined him to follow the Queen to her wardrobe and to stand sentinel at the door as long as she should remain there.

The day on which I resumed my duties about the Queen she was unable to converse with me on all the lamentable events which had occurred since the time of my leaving her, having that day on guard near her an officer whom she dreaded more than all the others. She merely told me that I should have some secret services to perform for her, and that she would not create uneasiness by long conversation with me, my return being a subject of alarm. But the next day the Queen, well knowing the discretion of the officer who was to be on guard that night, had my bed placed very near hers, and having obtained the favour of having the door shut when I was in bed, she began the narrative of the journey and the unfortunate arrest at Varennes. I asked her permission to put on my gown, and, kneeling by her bedside, I remained until three o'clock in the morning listening with the liveliest and most sorrowful interest to the account I am about to repeat, and of which I have seen various details of tolerable exactness in papers of the time.

The King entrusted the Count de Fersen, who as a foreigner was exempt from national inculpations, with all the preparations for the departure. The carriage was ordered by him; the passport, in the name of Madame de Korf, was procured through his

connections with that lady, who was a foreigner; and, lastly, he himself drove the Royal Family, as their coachman, as far as Bondy, where the travellers got into their berlin. Madame Brunier and Madame de Neuville, the first women of Madame and the Dauphin, there joined the principal carriage. They were in a cabriolet. Monsieur and Madame set out from the Luxembourg and took another road. They, as well as the King, were recognised by the master of the last post in France; but this man, devoting himself to the fortune of the Prince, left the French territory and drove them himself as postilion. Madame Thibaut, the Queen's first woman, reached Brussels without the slightest difficulty. Madame Gardon, from Arras, met with no hindrance, and Leonard, the Queen's hairdresser, passed through Varennes a few hours before the Royal Family. Fate had reserved all its obstacles for the unfortunate monarch.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred in the beginning of the journey. The travellers were detained a short time, about twelve leagues from Paris, by some repairs which the carriage required. The King chose to walk up one of the hills, and there two circumstances caused a delay of three hours—precisely the time when it was intended that the berlin should have been met, just before reaching Varennes, by the detachment commanded by M. Goguelat. This detachment was punctually stationed upon the spot fixed on, with orders to wait there for the arrival of a certain treasure, which it was to escort; but the peasantry of the neighbourhood, alarmed at the sight of this body of troops, came armed with staves, and asked several questions, which manifested their anxiety. M. Goguelat, fearful of causing a riot, and not finding the carriage arrive as he expected, divided his men into two companies, and unfortunately made them leave the highway in order to return to Varennes by two cross-roads.¹ The King looked out of the carriage at St. Meneshould, and asked several questions concerning the road. Drouet, the postmaster, whose fatal name will long be preserved in history, struck by the forcible resemblance of Louis to the impression of his head upon the assignats, drew near the carriage, felt convinced that he recognised the Queen also, and judging that the remainder of the travellers consisted of the Royal Family and their suite, instantly mounted his horse, reached Varennes by cross-roads before the Royal fugitives, and gave the alarm.

The Queen began to feel all the agonies of terror; they were augmented by the voice of a person unknown, who, passing close to the carriage in full gallop, cried out to them, bending towards the window of their carriage, without however slackening his speed, "You are recognised!"

They arrived with beating hearts at the gates of Varennes without meeting one of the horsemen by whom they were to have been escorted into the place. They were ignorant where to find their relays; and some minutes were lost in waiting to no purpose.

¹ Madame Campan here attributes to M. de Goguelat the steps taken by the Duke de Choiseul, the motives for which he gives in his *Memoirs*, p. 84.—
NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The cabriolet had preceded them ; and the two ladies in attendance found the bridge already blocked up with old carts and lumber. The town-guards were all under arms. The King at last entered Varennes. M. Goguelat had arrived there with his detachment. He came up to the King and asked him *if he chose to effect a passage by force!* What an unlucky question to put to Louis XVI., who from the very beginning of the Revolution had shown, in every crisis of it, the fear he entertained of giving the least order which might cause an effusion of blood ! " Would it be a brisk action ? " said the King. " It is impossible that it should be otherwise, Sire," replied the aide-de-camp. Louis XVI. was unwilling to expose his family. They therefore went to the house of a grocer, mayor of Varennes. The King began to speak, and gave a summary of his intentions in departing, analogous to the declaration he had made at Paris. He spoke with warmth and affability, and endeavoured to demonstrate to the people around him that he had only put himself, by the step he had taken, into a fit situation to treat with the Assembly, and to sanction with freedom the Constitution which he would maintain, though many of its articles were incompatible with the dignity of the throne and the force by which it was necessary that the Sovereign should be surrounded. Nothing could be more affecting, added the Queen, than this moment in which the King communicated to the very humblest class of his subjects his principles, his wishes for the happiness of his people, and the motives which had determined him to depart. Whilst the King was speaking to this mayor, whose name was Sauce, the Queen, seated at the farther end of the shop, among parcels of soap and candles, endeavoured to make Madame Sauce understand that if she would prevail upon her husband to make use of his municipal authority to cover the flight of the King and his family, she would have the glory of having contributed to restore tranquillity to France. This woman was moved ; she could not without streaming eyes see herself thus solicited by her Queen ; but she could not be got to say anything more than, " Bless me, madam, it would be the destruction of M. Sauce. I love my King, but, by Our Lady, I love my husband too, you must know, and he would be answerable, you see." Whilst this strange and unavailing scene was passing in the shop, the people, hearing that the King was arrested, kept pouring in from all parts. M. Goguelat, making a last effort, demanded of the dragoons whether they would protect the departure of the King ; they replied only by murmurs, dropping the points of their swords. Some person unknown fired a pistol at M. Goguelat ; he was slightly wounded by the ball. M. Romeuf, aide-de-camp to M. de la Fayette, arrived at that moment. He had been chosen after the 6th of October, 1789, by the commander of the Parisian guard, to be in constant attendance about the Queen. She reproached him bitterly with the object of his mission. " If you wish to make your name remarkable, sir," said the Queen to him, " you have chosen strange and odious means, which will produce the most fatal consequences." This officer wished to hasten their departure. The Queen still cherishing the hope of seeing M. de Bouillé arrive with a force sufficient to extricate the King from his critical situation, prolonged her stay at

Varennes by every means in her power. The Dauphin's first woman pretended to be taken ill with a violent colic, and threw herself upon a bed in the hope of aiding the designs of her superiors; she wept and implored for assistance. The Queen understood her perfectly well, and refused to leave in such a state of suffering one who had devoted herself to follow them. But as the relief they hoped for was also apprehended by those who had arrested them, no delay in departing was allowed. The three body-guards (Valory, Dumoutier and Malden) were bound and fastened upon the seat of the carriage.

A horde of National Guards, animated with fury and the barbarous joy with which their fatal triumph inspired them, surrounded the carriage of the Royal Family.

The three commissioners sent by the Assembly to meet the King, MM. de Latour-Maubourg, Barnave and Pétion, joined them in the environs of Epernay. The two last mentioned got into the King's carriage; already the infuriated band that surrounded the illustrious victims had massacred before their eyes M. de Dampierre, a knight of St. Louis, living upon an estate in the environs of Varennes. He had hastened to pay his respects to the King; this impulse, so natural to all good Frenchmen, was punished by a cruel death. At some distance from Epernay a village priest ventured to approach the carriage, merely actuated by his desire to behold the countenance of the unfortunate monarch. He was instantly knocked down, and was about to perish in sight of the Royal Family. Shocked at these atrocious murders, Barnave darted to the window: "Are we amongst tigers?" he exclaimed. "Let that venerable old man depart unmolested. Show at this important moment the composure of a great nation worthy of winning its liberties." The old priest was saved. Madame Elizabeth, surprised and delighted with the generous emotion of Barnave, seeing him ready to throw himself out of the window, seized hold of the flap of his coat to save him from falling. Courage and humanity at that moment united the feelings of the pious daughter of the Bourbons to those of the independent plebeian who for two years had waged war upon the ancient rights of monarchy. He whose name had never been pronounced except with contempt and horror had proved himself a man of feeling; and from this time Barnave possessed an interest in the hearts of these unfortunate Princesses. They even ventured to begin to converse in a connected manner respecting the critical situation in which France and the Royal Family stood. The King, in the beginning of the discourse, notwithstanding his extreme shyness, hazarded a few remarks; but having asked what the French people would wish to attain, Pétion replied, with barbarous sincerity, "A republic, when they are so fortunate as to be ripe enough for one." From that moment the King imposed silence upon himself, which he did not once break until he reached Paris, even by monosyllables.

The deputies were invited to take some refreshment from a canteen of chicken and pastry which was in the carriage. Pétion readily accepted the offer. Madame Elizabeth poured out the wine. Pétion, doubtless in the affectation of being quite at ease, tapped his glass under the neck of the bottle

to show her there was enough in it. The dignity of Barnave was offended by such gross affectation, and he would not eat anything. Being pressed by the Queen to take something, he replied, "Madam, under such solemn circumstances the deputies of the National Assembly ought to occupy the attention of Your Majesties only with their commission, and not with their wants." This line of conduct being adhered to by Barnave during the whole of the route, naturally made a favourable impression upon the minds of the Queen and Madame Elizabeth; and the Princesses had many private conversations with him at the places where the sorrowful train stopped to rest. They found him full of sense and judicious intentions, much attached to the system of a constitutional monarchy, but aware of the incalculable dangers that France would be exposed to under a republican government.

Note No. 4, Page 159

On the Administration of the Queen's Household.

The expenses of the Queen's household were controlled by the Secretary of State, to whom the department of the King's household belonged.

The first office was that of the principal secretary for orders, in which were made out the *brevets* or titles of nomination of all the officers and ladies belonging to the establishment, and the bills known by the name of *menus* for the regulation of the expenses.

The general bill included the supplies of bread, wine, meat, wood, wax, &c., and the divers accounts comprised under this general head formed a sort of fictitious estimate of expenditure; for instance, the bread, the wine, and the different dishes for the table were all specified, as well as the wood and charcoal, and everything else that was necessary for consumption in the household. The nature of the articles might be and was varied, but the expenditure remained the same, unless it might be in perquisites. By this means the expense of every article was so known and fixed before its consumption as not to allow of its being exceeded. Sometimes, however, articles were required, the expense of which had not been foreseen, such as some particular novelty or anything unusually rare or expensive. A separate account was kept of such things, and the cost of them was defrayed out of the perquisites.

The expenses of the stable department were provided for in the same manner by fictitious estimates which regulated the charges for liveries, equipages, and corn and hay for the horses.

For any unexpected expenses private accounts were made out, which were easily examined, as they consisted of a very few articles.

These accounts, or lists, fixed the emoluments of everyone attached to the household or connected with its supplies.

The second office, that of comptroller-general, carried into execution the orders made out from these lists, and sanctioned the use of the sum specified, and the perquisites which accrued when the expenses had not taken place.

This office was, in fact, the central point which decided and limited all the expenses, ordinary and extraordinary.

The expenses of the bed-chamber were under the regulation of the lady in superintendence, of the *dame d'honneur* and the comptroller-general of the household.

Those of the household, comprehending the kitchen and fires, were regulated by the first *maître d'hôtel*, the other *maîtres d'hôtel* and the comptroller-general.

Those of the stables by the first equerry and the comptroller-general.

By these regulations the comptroller-general became especially responsible for all that occurred.

Measures of economy were deemed advisable, and it was thought necessary to deprive the principal officers of the part assigned them in the administration of the expenses. A new office was in consequence created, under the name of commissariat-general, presided over by the comptroller-general, the minister of the King's household, and the different commissioners in the service of the King and Queen.

The Queen's household only maintained this new form two years. The original officers demanded the restoration of their ancient rights at the end of that time.

The right which the principal officers had of making out expenses which they had the power of relatively influencing for their own interests, or that of their dependents, sometimes for their old servants and always for their *protégés*, must certainly be regarded as an abuse. The principal officers had each a secretary, paid by the Queen. These secretaries had no other employment than to receive the oaths which were taken before the officers above-mentioned. The secretary of the Queen's tire-women had somewhat more to do, as that lady managed her own accounts, which she might almost be said to farm, having fixed prices for all the clothes of Her Majesty.

The different duties were fulfilled by the officers in waiting, some serving for three months together, some for six, and others in ordinary.

The Queen's council was merely nominal. The lady in superintendence and a chancellor were at its head. It sometimes met to receive accounts from the treasurer, but only as a matter of form.

The Queen had a chapel, consisting of a grand and first almoner and many others; clerks, with chaplains, preachers and attendants, serving as above stated, some quarterly and others half-yearly.

The Queen had also several physicians attached to her household, to attend on her own person and likewise on those around her. These different establishments were paid from the funds of the household.

The lady in superintendence and the lady of honour presided over the bed-chamber. There were attached to it twelve honorary ladies of the bed-chamber, a *chevalier d'honneur*, gentleman in waiting and a train-bearer.

The establishment of the bed-chamber consisted of two first *femmes de chambre* and twelve others; ushers of the bed-chamber,

the closet, and the ante-chamber; of *valets*, footmen and other servants of an inferior description.

It is undeniable that so many persons, the greater part of whom were unknown, must have encumbered the service rather than have been any honour to it. It may likewise be observed that the privilege of the officers to serve by three months at a time, leaving every individual at liberty to go into his province as soon as his quarter was expired, estranged him too much from the personage to whom he was attached and rendered it easy for him to magnify his own importance by inventing whatever falsehoods he might think likely to add to it. Officers in ordinary, of whom there would consequently be a sufficient number known, would have rendered the duty more agreeable and more lucrative to those who might be in the discharge of it. It is conceived that saleable places, under the name of offices, are not without inconvenience, for it is evident that through this practice many a man holds a post which would never have been assigned to him if it had not been necessary to pay for it. Even when serving by commission all who approach the King ought to be sworn, nor should this oath be regarded as a mere ceremony. Those whose offices are honourable ought to take it before their Royal master himself, and inferiors before their respective principals.

The stables are a department of the first importance, as well on account of the dignity as the expense connected with it.

The Queen's stables were governed by the first equerry; the second was an equerry *cavalcadeur*. There were twelve pages. They did not receive any salary, but their board and maintenance and education, which was a military one, were all provided for. The coachmen, postilions, &c., were under the direction of the first equerry; they wore liveries, and their expenses, like those of the bed-chamber and tables, were regulated by the lists of direction for the Queen's household, as were also the keeping and replacing of the horses, by which means the whole expenditure, or at least the greater part of it, was known beforehand, which enabled the comptroller-general to manage with ease all the regular expenses, and gave him the means of explaining more readily any which might not have been foreseen.

Many supplies were purchased by tender at the lowest price offered; as, for instance, bread, wine, meat and fish for the table, and, in general, every article of purveyorship.

It might be advisable, as a measure of economy, where there is a household comprising many separate establishments, to employ the same contractors for all of them, by which means, without adding anything to the expense of management, they might all be supplied at a much more moderate rate.

It may finally be remarked that the registers and papers of the office of comptroller-general of the Queen's household are deposited among the archives of the prefecture of the department at Versailles. They must, unavoidably, be in bad order; nevertheless, some useful information might be extracted from them.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

AND

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

Note (A), Page 2.

Extract from the Memoirs of the Abbé Georgel.

THE Countess de Lamotte, who is destined to play so conspicuous a part on this stage in the drama, the lamentable scenes of which are about to be displayed, was born in Champagne, under a thatched roof and in indigent circumstances. This was either a freak of the blind goddess or the result of misfortune, for she has since proved her descent, on the side of the Counts of St. Remey, from the Royal House of Valois. D'Hozier, the genealogist, has confirmed it by his certificate. This august origin did not much ameliorate her condition. She became the wife of M. de Lamotte, a gentleman and a private gendarme. Their united resources were very limited; poverty, however, is no disgrace when it is not the result of misconduct. It was in this point of view that she presented herself before the Grand Almoner to appeal to his generosity, and at the same time to implore his good offices with the King. The Countess de Lamotte, without possessing the full splendour of beauty, was gifted with all the graces of youth, and her countenance was intelligent and attractive; she expressed herself with fluency, and the air of truth that pervaded her recitals carried persuasion along with it. It will soon be discovered that these outward attractions concealed the heart and the magic powers of a Circe.

The birth and the misfortunes of a descendant of the House of Valois excited a deep interest in the noble and compassionate breast of the Cardinal de Rohan, who would have rejoiced in placing her on a level with her ancestors, but the finances of the King did not permit him to proportion his bounty to so fair a title; he could only supply such slender support as the exigencies of the present moment demanded. This artful and insinuating woman soon imagined that the heart of her benefactor was susceptible of yet stronger impressions, which she was fully capable of inspiring in it. Gratitude and fresh wants renewed her visits and her inter-

views. She did not fail to remark that her presence awakened great interest in the Cardinal, who followed the impulse of his feelings. His Eminence advised her to address herself immediately to the Queen, presuming that that generous Princess would be struck by the contrast between her actual situation and her birth, and would doubtless find some means of extricating her from her painful situation. The Cardinal, in avowing that he was himself unable to procure her an interview with the Queen, in several succeeding conversations carried the excess of his confidence towards Madame de Lamotte so far as to describe to her the deep mortification he experienced in having incurred the displeasure of Her Majesty; it created, he observed, a perpetual bitterness in his soul, which poisoned his happiest moments. From this confidence arose that infernal spark which kindled into so disastrous a flame. It also gave rise to the formation of a plan of imposition, of which the annals of human credulity can furnish few parallels. The outline of the scheme was as follows: Madame de Lamotte undertook to persuade the Cardinal that she had obtained a considerable degree of intimacy with the Queen; that, influenced by the rare and excellent qualities she had discovered in the Grand Almoner, she had spoken of them so often and with so much enthusiasm to Her Majesty, that she had by degrees succeeded in removing her prejudices, and even revived in her the wish to restore her favour to the Cardinal. Her insinuations, she moreover pretended, had had so much effect that Marie Antoinette had permitted the Cardinal to address his justification to her; and, finally, had desired to have a correspondence with him in writing, which should be kept secret till the auspicious moment should arrive for the open avowal of his complete restoration to her favour. The Countess de Lamotte was to be the intermediate vehicle of this correspondence, the result of which was, undoubtedly, to place the Cardinal at the very summit of favour and influence.

Madame de Lamotte, after having increased the hopes of the Cardinal with every art and all the power of intrigue she was mistress of, at length said to him, "I am authorised by the Queen to demand of you, in writing, a justification of the faults that you are accused of." This authorisation, invented by the Countess de Lamotte and credited by the Cardinal, appeared to him the herald of an auspicious day; in a little time his apology, written by himself and couched in the fittest terms to efface the injurious impressions that so much disquieted him, was confided to Madame de Lamotte. Some days afterwards she brought an answer back to him, written on a small sheet of gilt-edged paper, in which Marie Antoinette, whose handwriting was successfully imitated, was made to say, "I have read your letter: I am rejoiced to find you not guilty. At present I am not able to grant you the audience you desire. When circumstances permit, you shall be informed of it. Remain discreet." These few words caused in the Cardinal a delirium of satisfaction, which it would be difficult to describe. Madame de Lamotte from that moment was his tutelary angel, who smoothed for him the path of happiness, and from that period she might have obtained from him whatever she could have desired.

Soon afterwards, encouraged by success, she fabricated a correspondence between the Queen and the Cardinal. The demands for money which, under different pretexts, the Queen appeared to make on the Grand Almoner in these forged letters, produced Madame de Lamotte in the whole 120,000 livres; and yet nothing could open the eyes of this credulous and immoral man to the deceit that was in this manner practised upon him.

In the meantime an unfortunate circumstance contributed to hurry the Cardinal still more unfortunately into extraordinary adventures; some monster, envious of the tranquillity of honest men, had vomited forth upon our country an enthusiastic empiric, a new apostle of the religion of Nature, who created converts in the most despotic manner, and subjected them entirely to his influence.

Some speedy cures, effected in cases that were pronounced incurable and fatal in Switzerland and Strasburg, spread the name of Cagliostro far and wide, and raised his renown to that of a truly miraculous physician. His attention towards the poor, and his contempt for the rich, imparted to his character an air of superiority and interest which excited the greatest enthusiasm. Those whom he chose to honour with his familiarity left his society in ecstasies at his transcendent qualities. The Cardinal de Rohan was at his residence at Saverne, when the Count de Cagliostro astonished Strasburg and all Switzerland with his conduct, and the extraordinary cures he had performed. Curious to behold so remarkable a personage, the Cardinal went to Strasburg; it was found necessary to use interest to be admitted to the Count. "If M. le Cardinal is sick," said he, "let him come to me, and I will cure him; if he be well, he has no business with me, nor have I with him." This reply, far from giving offence to the vanity of the Cardinal, only increased the desire he had to be acquainted with him. At length, having gained admission to the sanctuary of this new Æsculapius, he saw, as he has since declared, on the countenance of this uncommunicative man a dignity so imposing that he felt himself penetrated with religious awe, and his first words were inspired by reverence. This interview, which was very short, excited more strongly than ever the desire of a more intimate acquaintance. At length it was obtained, and the crafty empiric timed his conduct and his advances so well that at length, without seeming to desire it, he gained the entire confidence of the Cardinal, and the greatest ascendancy over him. "Your soul," said he one day to the Cardinal, "is worthy of mine; and you deserve to be the confidant of all my secrets." This declaration captivated all the intellectual faculties and feelings of a man who at all times had run after the secrets of chemistry and botany.

The Baron de Planta, whom the Cardinal had employed at the time of his embassy at Vienna, also became, about the period of the history of the necklace, the most intimate confidant of his thoughts and wishes, and was one of his most accredited agents with Cagliostro and Madame de Lamotte. I remember having heard, through a certain channel, that this Baron de Planta

had frequent orgies, of a very expensive nature, at the Palace of Strasburg, where, it might be said, the tokay flowed in rivers, to render the repast agreeable to Cagliostro and his pretended wife: I thought it my duty to inform the Cardinal of the circumstance. His reply was, "I know it, and I have even given him liberty to let it run to waste, if he thinks proper." This mode of expressing himself left me no doubt with respect to the enthusiasm of the Cardinal for this empiric; but I was far from believing that he had become his oracle, his guide and his compass. It was to him and to the Baron de Planta that the Cardinal revealed all that he presaged of good from his connection with Madame de Lamotte, and from the correspondence of which she was the medium.

If the Countess de Lamotte had been contented to limit herself to her first impositions, her stratagems in a little time would have been discovered, and she would have passed for an expert heroine in swindling; the credulity of the Cardinal would have furnished matter for laughter, but it would have been a mere money matter, which he who was the dupe of it would have been interested in not revealing. But when a complete absence of principle is joined to a corrupt and vitiated heart, crimes of any blackness and villainy whatsoever are only the ordinary weapons which avarice makes use of to satisfy itself. This woman, so profoundly bad, encouraged by getting 20,000 livres at the cost only of a tissue of falsehoods and a sheet of gilt-edged paper with a few letters upon it, conceived a plan the hazards and dangers of which might have checked the most determined robber. One of the Queen's jewellers had in his possession a most superb diamond necklace, worth 1,800,000 livres. Madame de Lamotte knew that the Queen, who was much pleased with it, had been unwilling, under circumstances wherein the strictest economy became an indispensable duty, to propose to the King to buy it for her. Madame de Lamotte had an opportunity of seeing this famous necklace, and Boehmer, the jeweller, whose property it was, did not conceal from her that such an ornament being a dead article in commerce, he found it quite an encumbrance to him; that, in making the purchase of it, he had hoped to prevail on the Queen to buy it; but that Her Majesty had refused. He added that he would make a handsome present to anyone who might procure him a purchaser for it.

Madame de Lamotte had already made trial of her talents upon the credulity of His Eminence. She flattered herself that by continuing to deceive him, she might be able to appropriate both the necklace and the promised present to herself. It will be seen that she intended to persuade the Cardinal that the Queen had a great desire for this necklace; that wishing to buy it unknown to the King, and to pay for it by instalments out of her savings, she wished to give the Grand Almoner a particular proof of her goodwill, by getting him to make this bargain in her name. That for this purpose he would receive an order, written and signed by her hand, which he need not give up until the payments should be completed; that he would arrange with the jeweller to give him receipts for the amount, at different intervals, from one quarter to

another, beginning from the first payment, which could not be made until the 30th of July, 1785; that it would be essential not to mention the Queen's name in that transaction, which was to be carried on entirely in the name of the Cardinal; that the secret order signed "Marie Antoinette de France" would be quite authority enough; and that in giving it the Queen bestowed on His Eminence a signal mark of her confidence.

Such was the romance composed by this designing woman. She offered the cup of Circe to this too credulous Cardinal, and succeeded in persuading him to drink of it. Her deceptions having been hitherto so successful as to secure her from even the slightest suspicion or distrust, she boldly launched into her perilous career. The Cardinal was in Alsace. Madame de Lamotte despatched a courier through Baron de Planta, with a gilt-edged *billet*, in which the Queen was made to say, "The wished-for moment is not yet arrived, but I wish to hasten your return, on account of a secret negotiation which interests me personally, and which I am unwilling to confide to anyone except yourself. The Countess de Lamotte will tell you from me the meaning of this enigma." After reading this letter, the Cardinal longed for wings. He arrived most unexpectedly in a fine frost in January. His return appeared as extraordinary to us as his departure had been precipitate. His relations and friends little imagined the fatal windings of that labyrinth in which a woman, almost unknown, had contrived to involve the man whose eyes she had fascinated.

The Cardinal had no sooner learnt the pretended solution of this enigma than, delighted with the commission with which his Sovereign had been pleased to honour him, he eagerly requested to have the necessary order, so that the necklace might be procured with as little loss of time as possible. The order was not long delayed; it was dated from Trianon, and signed "Marie Antoinette de France." If the thickest web of deception had not blinded the eyes of the Cardinal, this signature alone, so clumsily imitated, might have shown him the snare which awaited him. The Queen never signed herself anything but "Marie Antoinette"; the words "de France" were added by the grossest ignorance. No remark, however, was made. Cagliostro, at that time recently arrived in Paris, was consulted. This Python mounted his tripod; the Egyptian invocations were made at night, illuminated by an immense number of wax tapers, in the Cardinal's own saloon. The oracle, under the inspiration of its familiar demon, pronounced "that the negotiation was worthy of the Prince; that it would be crowned with success; that it would raise the goodness of the Queen to its height, and bring to light that happy day which would unfold the rare talents of the Cardinal for the benefit of France and of the human race." I am writing facts, though it may be imagined that I am only relating fictions. I should think so myself, were I not certain of the statements that I make. Be it as it may, the advice of Cagliostro dissipated all the doubts which might have been inspired, and it was decided that the Cardinal should acquit himself, as promptly as possible, of a commission which was regarded as equally honourable and flattering.

Everything being thus arranged, the Cardinal treated with Bœhmer and Bassange for the necklace on the conditions proposed. He did not conceal from them that it was for the Queen, and he showed them the authority under which he acted, requiring it to be kept secret from all but the Queen. The jewellers must have believed all that the Grand Almoner told and showed them, as they accepted his note, and agreed, on the 30th of January, to deliver up the necklace to him on the 1st of February, being the day of the Purification. The Countess had fixed on this day, when there was to be a grand *fête* at Versailles, as the occasion for which the Queen was anxious to have the superb ornament. The casket which contained this treasure was to be taken to Versailles that day, and carried to the house of Madame de Lamotte, whence the Queen was to be supposed to send for it. This woman, intoxicated with joy at the amazing success of her unparalleled intrigue, had chosen her own residence at Versailles as the scene of the rendering up of the necklace to a person who should come for it, commissioned in the name of the Queen to carry it to her. It was in truth a complete piece of acting. The Cardinal, to whom the time had been specified, came at dusk, on the 1st of February, to the house of Madame de Lamotte, followed by a *valet de chambre*, who carried the casket. He sent him away when he got to the door, and alone entered the place where he was to be immolated to his credulity. It was an alcoved apartment, with a closet in it, which had a glass door. The skilful actress put her spectator into this closet; the room was dimly lighted, a door opens, a voice exclaims, "From the Queen." Madame de Lamotte advances with an air of respect, takes the casket, and places it in the hands of the pretended messenger. Thus the transfer of the necklace was made. The Cardinal, a mute and hidden witness of the transaction, imagined that he knew this envoy. Madame de Lamotte told him that it was the Queen's confidential *valet de chambre* at Trianon; he wore the same garb and had much the same air. Among her different modes of deception, Madame de Lamotte had succeeded in making it appear that she had paid several visits at Trianon to the Queen, who had lavished upon her proofs of the most intimate familiarity. She often mentioned to the Cardinal the day on which she was to go, and the hour at which she was to return. His Eminence, who loved to feed his imagination on all that could nourish the idea it had taken up, often watched her setting out and coming back again. One night, when she knew that the Grand Almoner was aware of the time for her return, she got Villette, the principal agent in her schemes, to walk some way back with her, and afterwards to appear as if returning to Trianon. The Cardinal, who was in disguise, joined her, according to custom, and enquired who this person might be. She told him that it was the Queen's confidential *valet de chambre* at Trianon. At that time the necklace, so much courted, was neither bought nor delivered up; but it was thus that the prudent magician kept laying, at proper distances, the foundation stones whereon to raise and consolidate the edifice of her conjurations. This pretended *valet de chambre* was a man of the name of Villette, of Bar-sur-Aube, the friend of Madame de Lamotte

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and the comrade of her husband. This woman had initiated him into her iniquitous practices; he concurred in them, and expected to have a share in the profits that might result from them. He possessed the pernicious talent of counterfeiting the hand of the august Princess. The letters which Madame de Lamotte fabricated in the name of the Queen were written by him, as was also the order, signed "Marie Antoinette de France," for the purchase of the necklace.

The Cardinal, having scrutinised the features of the man into whose hands the casket was delivered, and imagining that he recognised in them those of the pretended *valet de chambre* at Trianon, who had accompanied Madame de Lamotte one evening on her way home, had no doubt of the necklace being safely conveyed to its place of destination.

Thus did this intriguing woman attain her ends; and such ascendancy had she gained over the mind of the Cardinal that, from the time of the necklace being given up, His Eminence incessantly pressed the jewellers to obtain an interview of the Queen, in order that they might make themselves easy respecting the purchase he had negotiated for her. This fact, the truth of which has been proved beyond the possibility of denial, by the evidence of Bœhmer and Bassange in court, ought to remove every doubt as to the sincerity of the Cardinal, and the entire persuasion he acted under that he was only obeying the orders of the Queen. How shall I conceal, in this place, a fact which I would yet willingly omit, but which is too essentially connected with the consequences of this unfortunate affair to be passed over in silence? The jewellers, who had often access to the Queen on business, and were, moreover, pressed by the Cardinal to speak of it, took care not to leave her in ignorance of the negotiation and sale of the necklace. Notwithstanding the writing signed "Marie Antoinette de France," which had been shown to them; notwithstanding the responsibility of the Cardinal, who had given his note for it, it was important to their interest to assure themselves that this necklace was for Her Majesty, and not to risk a thing of so much value on the least uncertainty.¹ This fact is not admitted by MM. Bœhmer and Bassange in the *proceedings*; but they secretly acknowledged it to one, who revealed it to me only on condition that his name should in no way be brought in or compromised in the affair. The Cardinal, in his defence, appeared never to have any doubt on the subject.² Bassange, being at Bâle in 1797

¹ Compare this passage with the accounts contained in the twelfth chapter of the *Memoirs of Madame Campan*.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

² In the *Memoirs of Madame Campan* it is shown in how obscure, doubtful, and unintelligible a manner the jeweller Bœhmer explained himself the first time on the subject of the necklace; and what was the surprise, the indignation and the wrath of the Queen when she was made to understand the odious nature of the intrigue in which her name was introduced. *The secret disclosure was made*, it is said, *to a person who only revealed it on condition that his name should in no way be brought in or compromised in the affair*. This disclosure, received by an anonymous person, can scarcely be sufficient to overthrow the regular and circumstantial details of Madame Campan. If the Queen only understands the

and questioned by me on this matter, did not deny it, and formally confessed that his depositions, and those of his companion in this suit, had been regulated by the direction of the Baron de Breteuil; that they had not, indeed, indiscriminately followed everything that had been desired of them, but that they were obliged to be silent on what he was not willing they should declare themselves. After such an assurance, how can we attempt to justify the Queen from a connivance little suitable either to her principles or her rank?

So shameless a manœuvre as that of Madame de Lamotte, in which the name of the Queen was introduced only to commit with still more impunity and boldness a fraud of such magnitude, ought to have shocked the delicacy and probity of this Princess. How was it that, at this moment, her indignation did not burst forth? If the Queen had only followed the first dictates of her wounded feelings, she would surely have apprised the jewellers that they had been deceived, and that they must take their precautions accordingly. Even supposing that the Queen wished to be revenged on the Cardinal and to ruin him, what had already passed, and what she had just heard, was more than sufficient to compel him to give up his place, to leave Court and to retire to his diocese. The Queen would have done an act of justice for which no one could have condemned her; the Grand Almoner would have been justly blamed for his credulity; the House of Rohan would have been grieved at his disgrace, but could not have opposed it; there would have been no shameful publicity, no criminal suit, no Bastille. Marie Antoinette, if left to her own inclinations, would surely have acted with this sincerity; but she suffered herself to be influenced by two men, who equally led her astray, though each from different motives.

[The Abbé Georgel here flatters himself that he proves the Queen to have consulted the Abbé de Vermond and the Baron de Breteuil (which is true), and that they suffered the Cardinal to fall more and more deeply into the snare, and continued him in his error, to ruin him entirely (which is false, as is proved by the Memoirs of Madame Campan). She left Versailles on the 1st of August; on the 3rd, Boehler went to see her at her country house. It was not until the 6th or 7th that the Queen was certainly informed of the matter, and on the 15th the Cardinal was arrested. Are any of the perfidious delays imagined by the Abbé Georgel to be formed in this rapid progress of things? This remark on our part is solely prompted by a love of truth, and not by any desire to save the Queen from the reproach of dissimulation, which, after all, does not attach to her, as Georgel only accuses the Abbé de Vermond and the Baron de Breteuil of these preconcerted delays. The *dénouement* of this scandalous business was hastened by another circumstance.]

former declarations of Boehler from a tardy and unexpected communication; if her resentment bursts out immediately on her acquaintance with it; what becomes of the supposition made by the Abbé Georgel, of a plan, conducted with coolness and deliberation, and for a considerable period, to lead the Cardinal deeper and deeper into the snare, to surprise him and to destroy him?—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

As it wanted not more than six or seven weeks to the 30th of July, the day fixed upon for the first payment of 100,000 crowns by the Cardinal, whose presence was necessary for the payment, he was summoned in the course of the month of June. He came with the eagerness of a man who believes himself on the point of obtaining the end of his wishes. He was assured, in a little *billet*, that everything was arranged for the accomplishment of his desire, and that he would now see the effect of the Queen's promises; it was adroitly added that measures were being taken for making up the sum for the first payment; that some unforeseen events had thrown obstacles in the way of so doing, but that it was hoped, nevertheless, that no delay would occur.

The ensuing assemblies at Cagliostro's, in the meantime, were delightful; all was a joyful anticipation of the happy day when the Queen was to crown the good fortune of the Grand Almoner. Madame de Lamotte alone was in possession of a secret of a contrary nature. Saint-James, a proselyte of Cagliostro's, was admitted into those evening parties by the advice of this woman, for which she had her own reasons. She one day said to the Cardinal, "I see the Queen is greatly perplexed about this 100,000 crowns for the 30th of July. She does not write to you for fear of making you uneasy concerning it; but I have thought of a way for you to pay your court to her by setting her at ease. Write to Saint-James; 100,000 crowns will appear nothing to him when he is given to understand that it is to render the Queen a service. Profit by the enthusiasm which the attention that you and Count Cagliostro lavish upon him have inspired. The Queen will not discountenance it; speak in her name. The success of this new negotiation can only add to the interest she already takes in you." The Cardinal thanked Madame de Lamotte for her good advice. He then thought to secure the goodwill of Saint-James by relating to him, with an air of confidence, all that had passed regarding the purchase of the necklace. He showed him the order signed "Marie Antoinette de France"; he likewise confided to him the Queen's embarrassment, and assured him that an infallible way to merit her protection would be to take upon himself the making of the first payment to the jeweller. Saint-James, like all upstarts, was more anxious for consequence than for money; he had wished to obtain the *ordon rouge* by some place or office, but he had not been able to succeed. The Cardinal promised it him, in the name of the Queen, as a recompense for the service she asked him. The financier replied, "that he looked upon himself as extremely fortunate in being able to give Her Majesty proofs of his unbounded devotion to her, and that, as soon as he should be honoured with her orders she might make herself perfectly easy with respect to the 100,000 crowns for the first payment." The Grand Almoner informed Madame de Lamotte of the favourable answer of Saint-James, and likewise gave an account of it in the first letter which he sent to the Queen through her hands. The forger who framed the answers was absent. M. de Lamotte had returned from London and had sent for him to Bar-sur-Aube, where these skilful sharpers concerted together the precautions that it was necessary to adopt in order to establish

their fortunes out of the spoil of the necklace. The delay of the anxiously-expected answer from the Queen tormented the Cardinal. He communicated his uneasiness to Madame de Lamotte; he could not conceive the motive for maintaining this silence as the time for payment approached. He feared, moreover, that Saint-James might suspect him of a design to impose upon him; he added, with infinite chagrin, that what he still less comprehended was the unabating coldness of the Queen towards him outwardly, in spite of the warm and lively interest breathed for him in her letters. This last observation was a subject of daily complaint with the Cardinal after his return from Alsace. Till then Madame de Lamotte had always been able to calm, by different stratagems, these suggestions of anxiety. The diabolical genius of this woman, fruitful in expedients, undertook to put an end at once to these doubts, so perpetually renewing. She bethought her of a new method of still further abusing the Cardinal's credulity, by which she hoped to make him exert himself to the utmost to complete the first payment for the necklace, either by himself, or through M. de Saint-James. This fresh villainy required preliminaries and preparations. Meanwhile the forger Villette returned from Bar-sur-Aube, and the long-expected answer from Marie Antoinette was immediately put into the hands of the Cardinal. The Queen, it was said in the letter, would not so long have delayed her reply had she not hoped to have been able to dispense with the good offices of M. de Saint-James; that she would accept them for the first payment only, with the promise of a speedy reimbursement to him, adding, that she should wish M. de Saint-James to furnish her with an early opportunity of showing her sense of his services. Some days elapsed before the Cardinal could communicate this answer to Saint-James. In the interval, Madame de Lamotte, in concert with her husband and Villette, had arranged everything for the performance of a farce, the plan and execution of which displayed the most diabolical invention. She undertook to make the Cardinal believe that the Queen, not being able to give him the public proofs of her esteem which she could wish, would grant him an interview in the groves of Versailles between eleven and twelve o'clock, and that she could then assure him of that restoration to her favour which she was not at liberty to write. These happy tidings were effectually conveyed in a little gilt-edged note; it appointed the night and hour for meeting; never was interview more eagerly anticipated.

The Countess de Lamotte had remarked in the promenades of the Palais Royal at Paris a girl of a very fine figure, whose profile was extremely like the Queen's, and her she fixed on as principal actress in the grove. Her name was d'Oliva, and she had been made to believe that the part she undertook to perform was at the desire of the Queen, who had some plan of amusement in it. The reward offered on this occasion was not refused by a creature who made a traffic of her charms, and she undertook to act the part assigned her.

Mademoiselle d'Oliva accordingly proceeded to Versailles, conducted by M. de Lamotte, in a hired carriage, the coachman

belonging to which has been examined in evidence. She was led to inspect the scene of action to which she was to be secretly conveyed by M. de Lamotte. There she was made to rehearse the part she was expected to perform. She was given to understand that she would be accosted by a tall man in a blue riding-coat, with a large flat hat, who would approach and kiss her hand with the utmost respect; and that she was to say to him, in a low tone of voice, "I have but a moment to spare; I am satisfied with your conduct, and I shall speedily raise you to the pinnacle of favour"; that she was then to present him with a small box and a rose, and immediately afterwards, at the noise of persons who should approach, to observe, still in a low voice, "Madame and Madame d'Artois are coming; we must separate." The grove and the place of entrance agreed on had been also pointed out to the Cardinal, with the assurance that he might in that place pour out without restraint his sentiments of loyal devotion, and explain his feelings in what most concerned his interests; and that, as a pledge of her good intentions towards him, the Queen would present him with a case containing her portrait, and a rose. It was well known at Versailles that the Queen was in the habit of walking in the evening with Madame and the Countess d'Artois in the grove. The appointed night arrived: the Cardinal, dressed as agreed on, repaired to the terrace of the château with the Baron de Planta; the Countess de Lamotte, in a black domino, was to come and let him know the precise time when the Queen was to enter the grove. The evening was sufficiently dark; the appointed hour glided away; Madame de Lamotte did not appear; the Cardinal became anxious; when the lady in the black domino came to meet him, saying, "I have just left the Queen—everything is unfavourable—she will not be able to give you so long an interview as she desired. Madame and the Countess d'Artois have proposed to walk with her. Hasten to the grove; she will leave her party, and, in spite of the short interval she may obtain, will give you unequivocal proofs of her protection and goodwill." The Cardinal hastened to the appointed scene, and Madame de Lamotte and the Baron de Planta retired to await his return. The scene was played as it had been arranged by Madame de Lamotte; the pretended Queen, in an evening *deshabillé*, bore a striking resemblance in figure and dress to the personage she was to represent. The Cardinal in approaching her testified emotion and respect; the false Queen, in a low voice, pronounced the words that had been dictated to her, and presented the box; in the meantime, as had been agreed, the noise as of persons approaching was made, and it became necessary to part somewhat abruptly. The Cardinal went to rejoin Madame de Lamotte and the Baron de Planta; he complained bitterly of the vexatious interruption which had shortened an interview so interesting and delightful for him. They then separated. The Cardinal appeared fully persuaded that he had spoken with the Queen, and had received the box from her hands. Madame de Lamotte congratulated herself on the success of her scheme. Mademoiselle d'Oliva, interested in keeping the part she had played secret, was conveyed back to Paris and well rewarded for her address. M. de Lamotte

and M. Villette, who had counterfeited the voices and the approaching footsteps agreed on to abridge the interview, joined Madame de Lamotte, and everyone rejoiced at the successful issue. The next day a little *billet*, brought by the ordinary messenger, expressed great regret at the obstacles which had prevented a longer conversation.

Whatever the illusion might be that had so constantly blinded the Cardinal, the unimpassioned reader will scarcely believe that a Prince endowed with so much intelligence and good sense never entertained, for more than a year that this system of intrigue lasted, the slightest suspicion of the snare that was laid for him; and if it did enter his mind, why did he not put every method in force to throw a light on the behaviour and steps of his conductress? The Queen still evincing a perfect estrangement towards the Cardinal, how could he possibly reconcile this mode of treatment with the sentiments which were contained in the little *billets* he received, wherein the most unequivocal protection and the greatest interest and kindness were expressed?

This inconceivable contrast ought at least to have been the dawn of the day which should throw a light on the diabolical scheme to which he was a victim. The Cardinal acknowledges that, impelled by a boundless desire to be restored to the favour of the Queen, he always rushed with impetuosity towards the object that promised to effect his purpose, without considering the nature of the path he was made to tread. However that might be, the adventure of the grove, and the little *billet* the next morning, had given new energy to the zeal which entirely engrossed him for the interests and tranquillity of the Queen, whom he believed to be embarrassed respecting the first payment for the necklace. The return of the financier Saint-James hastened, without the Cardinal's expecting it, the *dénouement* of the intrigue which was about to involve him in endless disgrace and vexation. The Cardinal having met with this financier at Cagliostro's, did not fail to communicate to him the new orders which he imagined he had received.

[It would be needless to prolong this extract already sufficiently extended. The latter scenes and the catastrophe of this piece are well known; but we had to fulfil our promise, in page 2, to make our readers acquainted with the principal actors in this drama, who were left unnoticed by Madame Campan. We ought, nevertheless, before we finish, to make mention of one individual to whom the Cardinal, always the dupe of error, at length owed the discovery of the means which had been put in practice to fascinate his eyes as well as to deceive his judgment.]

"A certain Abbé de Juncker, a sensible and well-informed man, came," says the Abbé Georgel, "to offer his services. I felt a confidence in him because he seemed anxious for the honour and interest of the Cardinal. He it was who gave me the first idea through which the diabolical intrigue of Madame de Lamotte came to be unmasked. A monk called Father Loth had come to inform him that, urged by his conscience and by gratitude to the Grand Almoner for services he had rendered him, he was anxious to make the most important disclosures; that having lived on intimate terms

with Madame de Lamotte he could no longer be silent. This man was proctor to the monks at La Place Royale, which the house of Madame de Lamotte adjoined. This woman had found means to inspire him with pity in her moments of want and distress. He often relieved her; and his kindness had at length induced her to communicate to him the particulars of her good fortune, which she attributed to the Queen and to the Cardinal. Being soon on terms of great intimacy, Father Loth saw at the house of Madame de Lamotte many things that excited his suspicions.

"A few words which her vanity and indiscretion had let fall; the boast of a considerable present from the Court jewellers, on account of her expecting to procure them a purchaser for their valuable necklace; the display of some superb diamonds, which she pretended to have had from Marie Antoinette; the communication of *billets*, which she declared to be from the Queen to the Cardinal, and from the Cardinal to the Queen; the comparison which Father Loth had taken the trouble to make between the writing of these *billets* and other writings of one M. de Villette, the friend of Madame de Lamotte, who was often shut up writing with her and her husband; the compliments which he had heard Madame de Lamotte pay a tall, beautiful woman of the name of d'Oliva, respecting the success of some part she had played in the garden of Versailles; the perplexities which had spread confusion and alarm throughout the house of this intriguing woman, in the early part of August; the declaration made in his presence that Boehmer and Bassange would be the ruin of the Cardinal; the precipitate flight of Villette, and of M. and Madame de Lamotte, at that period—such were the details which Father Loth came to confide to me one evening between eleven and twelve, after disguising himself at the house of the Abbé de Juncker, in order that he might not be suspected, should his judicial deposition be found necessary. This monk, wishing to have the title of preacher to the King in his Order, had requested to preach the sermon of Pentecost before His Majesty. The Grand Almoner had spoken to me, to examine his discourse and his delivery. I was not satisfied with it, and I gave it as my opinion that he should not preach; but I was not aware that Madame de Lamotte, who protected him, was desirous that this favour should be granted him, and that the Cardinal, yielding to the entreaties of this patroness, had procured Father Loth a well-written sermon, which he delivered with tolerable propriety.

"Amongst the particulars which I have just related, Father Loth, during the three hours' conversation I had with him, gave much important information respecting M. de Villette; and some fragments of the writings of this M. de Villette, which, he assured me, greatly resembled that of the pretended *billets* from the Queen. He assured me also that he had surprised Madame de Lamotte, the evening before her departure, burning those that she had told him were from the Queen. The monk, in speaking to me of this Mademoiselle d'Oliva, recollected the time when she was taken by M. de Lamotte to Versailles in a hired carriage; in short, he added, in such a manner as led me to suspect that he did not tell me all he knew, that he had strong reasons for believing that the Countess de

Lamotte had imposed on the credulity of the Cardinal to obtain very considerable sums from him, and even to appropriate the necklace to herself. This important communication did not yet amount to certainty; but it was like the first blush of morn, which, dissipating the thick clouds of night, announces the brightness of a fine day." ("Memoirs of the Abbé Georgel," vol. ii.)

We shall now borrow from another work the details relative to the trial:

The Cardinal was closely guarded in his apartments at Versailles. He was brought to his hotel in Paris in the afternoon, and remained there until the next day. The carriage was escorted by body-guards, and M. d'Agoult, aide-major-general, had orders not to lose sight of the prisoner, and to sleep in the same room with him.

On the evening of this transaction the Marquis de Launay, Governor of the Bastille, came to lodge His Eminence in the same prison, where several victims of ministerial despotism were groaning. The Cardinal wished to go thither on foot, under cover of the night; the favour was readily granted. On the following day, August 17th, he was sent in a carriage to the Cardinal's palace, to be present at the breaking of the seals, at which all the ministers assisted, except Marshal Ségur. M. de Rohan, looking on M. de Breteuil as his personal enemy, had required this formality; and the Baron de Breteuil had complied the more willingly as he had declared that his own sense of delicacy would not permit him to acquit himself of his ministerial duty in any manner other than publicly, and in the presence of respectable witnesses.

Doubtless, no proofs appeared of the secret crimes ascribed to the Cardinal, since nothing of that kind transpired, and no trace of it is to be found in the proceedings. The Cardinal had permission to see his friends in the hall of the Bastille. He was allowed to retain, out of all his numerous retinue, two *valets de chambre* and a secretary; this last favour showed him that he was to have the privilege of writing, at least for the purposes of his defence. He was treated in every other respect with much consideration, and his situation was rendered as tolerable as it could be in such a fortress.

This lenient treatment contributed greatly to the courage and resignation which the Cardinal almost invariably displayed.

The Abbé Georgel, grand vicar to the Grand Almoner, on whose papers seals were likewise put, testified as little uneasiness as the Cardinal. "Authority must be respected," said he; "but we may, nevertheless, enlighten it."

Madame de Lamotte, wishing to gratify at once her hatred and revenge, declared on her first examination that the Count de Cagliostro was the contriver of the fraud of the necklace; that he had persuaded the Cardinal to purchase it. She insinuated that it was taken to pieces by this Italian or Sicilian Count and his wife, and that they alone reaped the profit of it. This declaration, supported by a thousand other falsehoods, which, unfortunately, however absurd, wore but too great an appearance of probability, caused the singular personage implicated in it to be sent to the Bastille, along with the woman who resided with him. The latter

remained there nearly eight months, and the pretended Count did not come out until after the suit was decided.

It is certain that Cardinal de Rohan was credulous enough to place the greatest confidence in this empirical alchemist, who had assured him that it was possible to make gold and to transmute small diamonds into large precious stones; but he only cheated the Cardinal out of large sums, under pretence of revealing to him the rarest secrets of the Rosicrucians and other madmen, who have implicitly believed, or pretended to believe, the absurd folly of the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, &c. Thus the Cardinal saw part of his money evaporate in the smoke of crucibles, and part found its way into the pockets of the sharper, who passed himself off to him as a great alchemist.

When this person was examined by the court touching the affair of the necklace, he made his appearance before the magistrates dressed in green, embroidered with gold; his locks were curled from the top of his head, and fell in little tails down his shoulders, which gave him a most singular appearance, and completed his resemblance to a mountebank. "Who are you? Whence came you?" he was asked. "I am a noble traveller," was his reply. At these words, every countenance relaxed, and seeing this appearance of good-humour, the accused entered boldly on his defence. He interlarded his jargon with Greek, Arabic, Latin and Italian; his looks, his gestures, his vivacity, were as amusing as his speech. He withdrew, very well pleased with having made his judges laugh.

The Cardinal had sometimes permission to walk after dinner upon the platform of the towers of the Bastille, accompanied by an officer. He wore a brown great-coat with a round hat. The Court issued a decree to detain the persons of the Cardinal and the other parties. The fraud of the necklace was not the motive which determined this decree against the Cardinal de Rohan, but the forgery of the Queen's signature. It was concluded that, as soon as the true author of the forgery was discovered, all the rigour of the sentence would fall on him. On the 21st of December this decree, more frightful in imagination than really formidable, was made known to the Cardinal. He was so much affected by it that he suffered an attack of nephritic colic, to which he was subject.

The examinations were vigorously pursued. The commissioner, a councillor of Parliament,¹ repaired for this purpose to the fortress of the Bastille. On one occasion he detained the Cardinal from nine in the morning until one o'clock, and afterwards from four till midnight. It is necessary to state the etiquette observed by Prince Louis de Rohan, and that observed towards him on these days of sitting. On the appointed day he put on his State dress, his red hood, red stockings, and all the insignia of his dignity. The governor of the Bastille came to lead him from his apartment, conducted him to the door of the council chamber, left him with the magistrate and other official persons, and remained in attendance in the ante-chamber. When the judge wanted anything he

¹ M. Depuis de Macé.

rang. The Marquis de Launay immediately presented himself; and if a glass of water or anything else was asked for, he carried it himself to the door, where the magistrate came to meet him. After the sitting, the governor took charge of his prisoner at the very door of the council chamber, and conducted him back to his apartment.

It has been pretended that the all-powerful family of the Cardinal had so suborned the judge and the notary, that they altered the sense of the depositions and examinations, and that when they were fearful of the Cardinal involving himself in his replies, and saying something that would militate against his cause, they suddenly broke up the sitting, without even waiting for the conclusion of a sentence already begun.

The following extract, from the voluminous Memoirs of Madame de Lamotte, may be brought in support of the assertion. We quote her own words: "One day, the Cardinal and I, being confronted upon a delicate point, which neither of us had any intention to throw light upon, I said something not exactly conformable to truth. "Ah, madam," cried the Cardinal, "how can you advance what you know to be false?" "As everyone else does, sir. You know very well that neither you nor I have told a single word of truth to these gentlemen since they have begun to interrogate us." "It was not, in fact, possible," said this woman, whose testimony ought to be estimated at its proper value; "our answers were prepared for us, as well as our questions, and we were obliged to say or reply this or that, or expect to be murdered in the Bastille."

The deposition of the Countess du Barry forms an interesting anecdote in this curious affair. She came into Court in the evening of the 7th of December, where she was received with all the honours due to persons of the first quality. The notary went to hand her in, and one of the ushers carried the torch. She was conducted back again with the same respectful formalities. Her deposition turned on the following circumstances. Madame de Lamotte called one day, after the death of Louis XV., on the Countess du Barry, to offer her services as a companion.

When she declared her name and birth, Madame du Barry regarded her as unfit for the situation she came to solicit, and, thanking her, assured her that she did not wish for society, and that, moreover, she was not such a great lady herself as to take a lady of Madame de Valois' elevated rank for her companion. The latter was not quite disheartened by this polite repulse. She went again some days after; but she limited herself to begging that Madame du Barry would recommend her to some persons who might lay one of her petitions before the King. In this petition she entreated an augmentation of her pension. She had signed the words *de France* after her name. The Countess du Barry could not help showing her surprise at the sight of the signature. Madame de Lamotte replied to her remark, that as she was known to belong to the House of Valois, she always signed herself *de France*. Madame du Barry smiled at her presumption, and promised to get the petition recommended.

As long as the Countess de Lamotte saw none of her accomplices arrested, she flattered herself that the Cardinal and Cagliostro would be the victims of her fraud. But Mademoiselle d'Olive, the principal actress in the park scene, being taken at Brussels, where she had sought refuge, began to draw aside the veil with which the Countess had hitherto covered her intrigues.

To crown her misfortunes, and insure her the punishment she deserved, Retaux de Villette suffered himself to be taken at Geneva. He was conveyed to the Bastille and confronted with the perfidious De Lamotte, who was struck as by a thunderbolt at the unexpected sight. She was now convinced that she was lost, notwithstanding her natural effrontery.

The prisoners who were detained in the Bastille on account of the necklace were transferred to the Conciergerie about midnight on the 29th of August, 1786, by an officer of the Court. The Cardinal was confined under the guard of the King's lieutenant of the Bastille, in the chambers of the chief notary. So true it is that the justice of that day had the most profound respect for birth and titles.

The examinations lasted from six in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon.

When Madame de Lamotte appeared before the assembled Grand Council she was elegantly dressed, as she had been all the time she was in prison. This audacious woman, being sent for by the judges, often repeated that "she was going to confound a great rogue." At the sight of the august assembly her confidence somewhat abandoned her; above all, when the usher said to her, in a severe tone, pointing out the stool for the accused, "Madam, seat yourself there," she started back in affright; but on the order being given a second time, she took the ill-omened seat, and in less than two minutes she recovered herself so well, and her countenance was so composed, that she appeared as if reclining in her own room upon the most elegant sofa.

She replied with firmness to all the questions of the first president. Being interrogated afterwards by the Abbé Sabathier, one of the ecclesiastical councillors whom she knew to be unfavourable to her, "That is a very insidious question," said she; "I expected you would put it to me, and I shall now reply to it." After extricating herself with sufficient address from many other questions, she made a long speech with so much presence of mind and energy that she at least astonished her judges, if she could not succeed in interesting or convincing them. As soon as she had retired, the first president ordered the stool to be removed, and sent to inform the Cardinal *that the stool having been taken out of the chamber he might present himself before the Court.*

The Cardinal was habited in a long violet-coloured robe (which colour is mourning for Cardinals); he wore his red hood and stockings, and was decorated with his Orders. It would seem that, whether innocent or not, his courage forsook him in the trying moment of his standing forth accused. His emotion was evident; he was extremely pale and his knees bent under him; five or six voices, probably proceeding from members gained over to his side,

observed that the Cardinal appeared to be ill, and that he ought to be allowed to sit, to which d'Aligre, the first president, replied, "His Eminence the Cardinal is at liberty to sit down if he wishes it." The illustrious accused profited by this permission, and seated himself at the end of the bench where the examiners sit when they attend the grand chamber. Having soon recovered himself, he replied extremely well to the questions of the first president; afterwards, still remaining seated, he spoke with abundance of feeling for about half an hour, with emphasis and dignity, and repeated his protestations respecting the whole proceedings against him. His speech being finished, he bowed to the bench and the other magistrates. Everyone returned his salute, and those on the bench even got up, which was a peculiar mark of distinction.

Mademoiselle d'Oliva was afterwards summoned; the usher of the court came to say that as she was aware she should be obliged to be separated from her infant for some hours, she was that instant engaged in suckling it, and prayed the court to grant her a moment's delay. The voice of law was silent before that of nature, and it was agreed that she should be waited for.

Only the Cardinal and Cagliostro returned to the Bastille. M. de Rohan had in his coach the governor and an officer of the ministerial prison. The Marquis de Launay gave the order to set off, and said *à l'hôtel* instead of using the word *Bastille*.

On the 31st, the day fixed for the final decision of this singular and famous trial, after more than a year of proceedings and delays, the judges met at a quarter before six in the morning. They were sixty-two in number, but were reduced to forty-nine by the retiring of the ecclesiastical councillors on account of its being a question which involved corporal punishment.

At two o'clock the voting magistrates left off to take their dinner at a table with forty covers that the chief president had ordered to be prepared in the hall of St. Louis; but the greater part dined without sitting down, and at half-past three the court resumed its session.

At length, a little after nine in the evening, the decision of the court was made known, as follows:

1st. The instrument, which is the foundation of the suit, with the approvals and annexed signatures, are declared forgeries and falsely attributed to the Queen.

2nd. De Lamotte, being in contumacy, is condemned to the galleys for life.

3rd. Madame de Lamotte to be whipped, branded on the two shoulders with the letter V., and shut up in l'Hôpital for life

4th. Retaux de Villette banished the kingdom for life.

5th. Mademoiselle d'Oliva discharged.

6th. Cagliostro acquitted.

7th. The Cardinal acquitted of all suspicion. The injurious accusations against him contained in the memorial of Madame de Lamotte suppressed.

8th. The Cardinal is allowed to cause the judgment of the court to be printed.

The next day the court received an order for delay of execution. The Court of Versailles was much displeased with the sentence; it had hoped that the Cardinal would have been declared guilty, and the sentence passed on the Countess de Lamotte much less severe. It was likewise observed that the court had proceeded with so much severity against this female, a descendant from the House of Valois, in order to mortify, to the utmost of their power, the reigning branch of the Bourbons. The King was desirous to inspect all the writings belonging to the suit, but they only sent him copies of them.

The court, after a few days' delay, was allowed to execute its sentence with respect to the Countess de Lamotte, then in prison. She was informed one morning that her presence was required at the palace. Surprised at this intelligence (for she had for some time been refused permission to speak to anyone), she replied that she had passed a restless night, and desired to be left quiet. The gaoler replied that her counsel was waiting. "I can see him, then, to-day?" she asked, and immediately rose, slipped on a loose robe, and followed. Being brought before her judge, the clerk pronounced her sentence; immediately astonishment, fear, rage and despair pervaded her whole soul, and threw her into agitations difficult to describe. She had not strength to hear the whole of the speech addressed to her; she threw herself on the ground, and uttered the most violent shrieks. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could be removed into the palace-yard. It was scarcely six in the morning, and but few persons were present to witness the execution of her sentence.

No sooner did the Countess perceive the instruments of her punishment than she seized one of the executioners by the collar, and bit his hand in such a manner as to take a piece out; fell upon the ground, and suffered more violent convulsions than ever. It was necessary to tear off her clothes to imprint the hot iron upon her shoulders as well as they could. Her cries and imprecations redoubled; at length they took her into a coach, and conveyed her to l'Hôpital.

Madame de Lamotte found means to escape from l'Hôpital after ten months' confinement, which was effected either through her having gained over some sister of the house, or through the connivance of the Government. This last opinion may be correct, if it be true that her flight was permitted on condition that M. de Lamotte should not publish in London his account of the trial, which, it is said, he threatened to do unless his wife should be restored to him.

However that may be, a pun was made when Madame de Lamotte suddenly disappeared, which shows that no better conduct was expected of her than her life had hitherto displayed. It is said that the sister, who contrived her escape, said to her at parting: "Adieu, madam; take care you are not *re*-marked."—("Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.," vol. i. [We must add that the inventor of this story must have had a great rage for miserable puns to make one on such a subject.]

Note (B), Page 19.

The clergy then assembled embraced this opportunity to assert its rights. The Archbishop of Narbonne delivered a speech before the Assembly, which contained the following passages:

"My Lords and Gentlemen—No one among us is unaware of the misfortune that the Cardinal de Rohan has had, to incur the displeasure of the King. Without doubt, we have reason to fear that his guilt has been great, since His Majesty has thought proper to arrest him in a public manner, to secure his person and his papers. Of whatever nature his crime may be, we do not hesitate to say beforehand that we regard it with abhorrence. But the Cardinal de Rohan is both a Cardinal and a Grand Almoner, as well as Bishop of the Empire. This latter title, which is common to ourselves and to him, imposes on us the obligation to claim the observance of the law and regulations which prescribe that a bishop must be tried by those of his own rank. God forbid that by so doing we should pretend to render our order exempt from punishment and seduce it from the obedience due to the King!

"We profess and we teach that the power of our Kings is independent. We firmly maintain that our consecration to the service of the altar transfers to no other earthly potentate the allegiance imposed on us at our birth. It is far from our intention to claim privileges which may be incompatible with these fundamental truths; we confidently demand those which the laws, our monarchs and the nation have transmitted to us. We shall find them in the same source from which those of the peers, the nobility and the officers of Court are derived."

According to the principles contained in this harangue, the clergy composed a memorial and wrote an eloquent letter to the King, in which were the following passages:

"To a reverence for religion we owe the privileges accorded to its ministers; that of personal immunity, granted to the bishops in cases of trial, has been found conformable to the principles of the French; that every accused person should be judged by his peers. Are any alarming results expected from our exercise of this right? We are averse from establishing among the members of our body either the idea of impunity or that of independence."

Note (C), Page 24.

M. de Vergennes found himself surrounded and watched by two parties in opposition to his principles and operations, who continually endeavoured to prevent his assuming the tone necessary for the Department of Foreign Affairs. Richelieu and D'Aiguillon's party, though humbled by the fall of the latter and by the return of the Parliament, was still powerful at Court. This party disapproved of the *quietism* of M. de Vergennes, and pursued the minister with ridicule, sarcasm and the most atrocious accusations. Whatever might be the conduct of the minister, he perpetually saw before him one and frequently two parties who disapproved his measures; sometimes he was attacked on all sides, whilst through-

out Europe there was not one of his treaties, nor one of his negotiations or plans, that was not opposed by some powerful interest, as generally happens in the political operations of a State so powerful as that of France.

In this situation M. de Vergennes found himself obliged to treat with every system, and to manœuvre with every party, to avoid a Continental war; and, above all—the precipice towards which almost every minister is hurried when he declares war, or suffers it to be declared—M. de Vergennes adhered tenaciously to his place. It was said *he has made a vow to die minister*. It was the principal fault in his administration. Had he possessed more decision of character, M. de Vergennes would have imitated the policy of Richelieu, and declared war upon Austria on the first insult she might indulge in, as she had ventured to do in the affairs of Cologne, Bavaria and the Scheldt. But the courage of M. de Vergennes was not equal to embarking on so stormy a sea.

Note (D) Page 27.

Ever since 1752 M. de Loménie had resolved to distinguish himself—not, however, by science, or by that piety and reserve appropriate to his profession, but by the boldness and novelty of his opinions. Philosophy was yet in its dawn when he rendered himself conspicuous by the celebrated dispute he maintained in the Sorbonne, less as a theologian than as a materialist. He rejected the innate idea or knowledge of a Divinity; he ridiculed the doctrines of a Providence; he advanced opinions favourable to the Jesuits and to the Pope's bull *Unigenitus*, and asserted that M. de Fénélon had triumphantly refuted the doctrine of Port Royal. In this manner M. de Loménie, from his earliest youth, had indulged in a mixture of materialism and Jesuitism, which at the same time procured him the support of two able and opposite parties; so that his ambition promised one time or other to be rewarded, whatever might be the success of the contests then prevalent in France between the philosophers and the Jesuits, equally inimical to Jansenism. If the Jesuits were overcome by the philosophers, the Abbé de Loménie would be found in the list of the latter; if the philosophers yielded to the Jesuits, the Abbé de Loménie had already combated the opinions of the Jansenists, and would be found to merit the attention of their adversaries; he was neither deficient in foresight nor in address. ("Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," vol. vi.)

Note (E), Page 67.

An extract from the strange proceeding of the Châtelet was forwarded to England under the idea that it would give rise to an apprehension in the mind of the Duke d'Orleans of persecutions similar to what were formerly dreaded; but, confident in his innocence, it proved the cause of his return. At last, to intimidate him, they suborned a nobleman of the Royalist or Ministerial party, at Dieppe, who had the audacity to say publicly that the Duke d'Orleans ought to be hanged

The Prince heard of it, but did not recede, as was expected.

The day after his arrival at Paris, he presented himself before the National Assembly, where he was greeted with considerable applause. He there delivered an apology for his conduct, and was listened to with interest.

Not content with this frank and honourable proceeding, he published a paper entitled "An Exposition of the Conduct of the Duke d'Orleans in the French Revolution, drawn up by himself at London." This memoir, replete with explanation and reason, sufficed to convince the most incredulous. ("Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.")

Note (F), Page 70.

The King did not leave Versailles till one o'clock. The Queen, the Dauphin, Madame Royale, Monsieur, Madame Elizabeth and Madame de Tourzel were in His Majesty's carriage. The hundred deputies in their carriages came next. A detachment of brigands, bearing the heads of the two body-guards in triumph, formed the advanced guard, and set out two hours earlier. These cannibals stopped a moment at Sèvres, and carried their cruelty to the length of forcing an unfortunate hairdresser to dress the gory heads. The bulk of the Parisian army followed them closely. The King's carriage was preceded by the *poissardes*, who had arrived the day before from Paris, and a whole rabble of prostitutes, the vile refuse of their sex, still drunk with fury and wine. Several of them rode astride upon cannons, boasting, in the most horrible songs, all the crimes they had themselves committed, or seen others commit. Those who were nearest the King's carriage sang ballads, the allusions of which, by means of their vulgar gestures, they applied to the Queen. Waggon, full of corn and flour, which had been brought into Versailles, formed a train escorted by grenadiers, and surrounded by women and bullies, some armed with pikes, and some carrying long branches of poplar. At some distance this part of the procession had a most singular effect: it looked like a moving forest, amidst which shone pike-heads and gun-barrels. In the paroxysms of their brutal joy, the women stopped passengers, and, pointing to the King's carriage, howled in their ears, "Cheer up, friends; we shall no longer be in want of bread: we bring you the baker, the baker's wife and the little baker boy." Behind His Majesty's carriage were several of his faithful guards, some on foot and some on horseback, most of them uncovered, all unarmed, and worn out with hunger and fatigue; the dragoons, the Flanders regiment, the hundred Swiss, and the National Guards preceded, accompanied or followed the file of carriages.

I witnessed this heartrending spectacle; I saw the ominous procession. In the midst of all the tumult, clamour and singing, interrupted by frequent discharges of musketry, which the hand of a monster or a bungler might so easily render fatal, I saw the Queen preserving the most courageous tranquillity of soul, and an air of nobleness and inexpressible dignity, and my eyes were suffused with tears of admiration and grief.

Note (G), Page 83.

The termination of this year of crime and misfortune (1790) offers but one remarkable event—that of the arrest and the commencement of the trial of the unfortunate Marquis de Favras. This nobleman, whose youth was passed in storms, still preserved in his riper age the ardent imagination, the boldness and imprudence which had so often led him astray; and his loyalty, in taking place of all his other passions, had also assumed their character. The outrages of the 5th and 6th of October inspired him with the most ardent desire to attempt everything to preserve the Royal Family from the dangers that threatened them. Consequently he was actuated more by zeal than prudence in devising a plan for carrying off the King. His means of effecting it were to be an army of about thirty thousand Royalists, the enrolling and arming of which body was to be so secretly managed as not to be known till the moment of action. As an enterprise of this nature required considerable funds, in which point the Marquis de Favras was the most deficient, he tried all methods to raise them; he applied to several bankers, and communicated his plan to many of the Royalist party whom he thought most likely to afford the necessary assistance, but he found it more easy to obtain their praise than any effective co-operation.

It happened about the same time that Monsieur the King's brother, having been for several months deprived of his revenue through different operations of the Assembly, and having considerable payments to make in January, was trying to devise means to make good his engagements without applying to the public treasury. To accomplish it by a less onerous mode than that of borrowing at so critical a period, the Prince conceived the idea of giving bills for the amount of the sum required. M. de Favras, who had previously served in the Swiss guards of Monsieur, was pointed out to him by the Marquis de la Châtre, as very likely to effect the negotiation with the bankers Schaumel and Sartorius; His Royal Highness, therefore, signed an obligation for two millions, and desired his treasurer to provide for the payment.

The indiscreet expressions of the numerous confidants of the plan of M. de Favras, and the imprudence that he himself fell into, in being concerned at one and the same time with the proceedings relative to it and those which concerned the negotiation for the two millions for Monsieur, excited the attention and uneasiness of the Committee of Inquiry. M. and Madame de Favras were arrested on the 11th of December, in the night, and accused of "conspiring against the order of things established by the will of the nation and of the King; of having formed to this effect a plan for introducing armed men into the capital during the night, to put to death the three principal leaders of the administration; to attack the King's guard, carry off the Great Seal and to conduct Their Majesties towards Peronne; of endeavouring to corrupt several individuals of the National Guard, in seducing them from their duty by deceitful promises; of having conferences with several bankers for the

obtaining of considerable sums, and with other persons for the diffusion of this plot throughout different provinces."

The day after the arrest of M. and Madame de Favras, the following bulletin was profusely circulated throughout the capital :

"The Marquis de Favras, of Place Royale, was arrested, with his lady, in the night of the 24th, for having laid a plan to raise thirty thousand men; to assassinate M. de la Fayette and the mayor of the city, and then to cut off our supplies of provisions. Monsieur the King's brother was at the head of this conspiracy.

(Signed) "BARRAUZ."

This public denunciation made against the King's brother, speedily aggravated as it was by the comments of the factious and the exaggerations of calumny, excited the strongest ferment in the capital, not only against that Prince, but also against the King himself, who was supposed to have an understanding with his brother. A serious catastrophe before long seemed inevitable; and undoubtedly such an event would have taken place if Monsieur, who would not have been justified in despising those dangers which threatened the Royal Family no less than himself, had not taken the only step by which the storm could be averted. That Prince went on the 26th of December to the Assembly of the Representatives of the Commune, and was received by them with all due respect and attention. "Gentlemen," said he to them, "I am induced to come among you by my desire to repel an atrocious piece of calumny. M. de Favras was apprehended yesterday by order of your Committee of Enquiry, and to-day a report is industriously spread that there is a close intimacy between him and myself. I think it due to the King, to you and to myself to inform you of the only circumstances under which I have any acquaintance with M. de Favras."

After detailing with equal exactness and perspicuity the facts attending the bond for two millions as I have given them, Monsieur added, "I have not seen M. de Favras, nor have I written to him; I have had no communication whatever with him; what else he has done is perfectly unknown to me. Yet I understood that a note signed Barrauz, thus worded (see above), has been extensively circulated in the capital. Of course, you do not expect that I shall stoop to exculpate myself from the accusation of so base a crime," &c.

This address was warmly and unanimously applauded by the Assembly and the galleries. The mayor in his reply expressed the feelings of respect and attachment entertained towards Monsieur by the Assembly, and the unbounded confidence with which his good qualities inspired them. M. de la Fayette rose after M. Bailly, and reported that he had directed the apprehension of the authors of the note, and that they were at that moment in prison. Monsieur requested they might be pardoned, but the Assembly resolved that it was necessary they should be tried and punished. The Prince likewise thought it right to inform the National Assembly of the motive which had induced him to take the step in question; he therefore sent the Assembly a copy of his speech at the Hôtel

de Ville, and subjoined a note announcing that he would send them a statement of the debts he intended paying with the two millions for which he had subscribed the bond. ("History of the French Revolution," by Bertrand de Molleville, vol. ii.)

Note (H), Page 112.

The certainty of the departure of Mesdames the King's aunts made a great noise in Paris; the King could not avoid informing the Assembly of the event, and he did it in a letter, of which the following is the substance:

"Gentlemen,—Having learned that the National Assembly had referred a question arising upon a journey intended by my aunts to the committee for matters concerning the Constitution, I think it right to inform the Assembly that I was this morning apprised of their departure at ten o'clock last night. As I am persuaded they could not be deprived of the liberty which everyone possesses of going wherever he chooses, I felt that I neither ought to, nor could, offer any obstacle to their setting out, although I witness their separation from me with much regret.

(Signed) "Louis."

Notwithstanding this letter, the two parties which divided the Assembly were in the highest state of fermentation when intelligence was received that Mesdames had been stopped by the municipality of Moret. It was at the same time announced that they had been liberated by the chasseurs of Lorraine. The heat of the debates was increased by this occurrence; it was known that individuals had preceded Mesdames, spreading among the people the reports with which the newspapers were filled by the conspirators. They were lavish of money, and scattered it by handfuls among the most brutalised men as most likely to plunge into the greatest excesses. Consequently the lives of Mesdames were threatened and were in the most imminent danger. One scoundrel, who vomited forth insults of the grossest nature against the Princesses, talked of lowering the fatal reflector and tying them up to it.

The money spread about by the persons unknown was not furnished by the Duke d'Orleans; his finances were exhausted at that time; it was English money. The Parliament granted the minister all the supplies he asked for, and dispensed with any account from him. The object and employment of these funds are at this day no longer problematical.

The Assembly soon received the following *procès-verbal* from the municipality of Moret:

"On the 20th of February, 1791, certain carriages, attended by a retinue and escorted in a manner announcing rank, appeared at Moret. The municipal officers, who had heard of the departure of Mesdames and of the uneasiness it had occasioned in Paris, stopped these carriages and would not suffer them to pass until they should have exhibited their passports. They produced two; one from the King, and countersigned Montmorin, to go to Rome; the other was not exactly a passport, but a declaration from the municipality of

Paris, acknowledging that it possessed no right to prevent these *citoyennes* from travelling in such parts of the kingdom as they should think fit.

"The municipal officers of Moret, on inspection of these two passports, between which they think they see some contradiction, are disposed to believe that, before they pay any attention to them, it is their duty to consult the National Assembly and to await the answer of that body with Mesdames; but while they are hesitating as to the course they are to pursue, certain chasseurs of the regiment of Lorraine come up with arms in their hands, and by force open the gates to Mesdames, who proceed on their way."

The reading of this *procès-verbal* was hardly ended when the ex-director, Rewbell, exhibited an extraordinary degree of surprise. How could it be imagined that the Minister for Foreign Affairs could have signed a passport, when he was well aware that their departure had been the ground for a demand of a new decree, the plan of which the committee for affairs concerning the Constitution was busied in drawing up? As everything was a scandal and a reproach in that impious age, the speaker said it was scandalous that the chasseurs of Lorraine should have so conducted themselves. "*If such acts of violence,*" said he, in conclusion, "*are permitted to remain unpunished, the belief that we have a Constitution is a strange illusion; no, there are no laws, and we live under the dominion of the sword.*"

He moved that the *procès-verbal* of the municipality of Moret should be referred to the committee of affairs concerning the Constitution and that of inquiry.

Rewbell's motion was decreed.

Being compelled to justify himself, the Minister of War declared that he had given no orders to the chasseurs of Lorraine; and that, after all, they had done nothing in the affair. The decree passed upon Rewbell's motion was supported by the Duke d'Aiguillon, and it was found, from M. de Ségur's letter, that they were chasseurs of Hagueneau and not chasseurs of Lorraine, who had the honour of forming the escort of Mesdames at Fontainebleau and Moret. This letter, which was signed by M. de Ségur, was inserted in the journals at his own request; that soldier prided himself upon having given the order and been obeyed. M. de Ségur in his letter, which was read only at a sitting of the 2nd of March, succeeded in convincing the Assembly of the affected ignorance of the military men who formed part of their body. "*The ancient ordinances are not abrogated,*" said the colonel of the chasseurs of Hagueneau, and not of Lorraine; "*the officer commanding did no more than conform to them, and if he did enter the town armed it was but in observance of the custom among soldiers to pay that mark of respect to cities.*"

Still, M. de Montmorin could not avoid justifying himself; he did it triumphantly by the following letter:

"M. le Président, I have just learnt that upon the reading of the *procès-verbal*, sent by the municipality of Moret, some members of the Assembly appeared astonished at my having countersigned the passport given to Mesdames by the King.

"If this circumstance requires explanation, I entreat the As-

sembly to reflect that the opinion of the King and his ministers upon the point is sufficiently well known. This passport would be a permission to quit the kingdom if any law forbade the passing of its limits; but no such law ever existed. Down to the present moment a passport is to be looked upon as merely an attestation of the quality of the persons who bear it.

"In this light it was impossible to refuse one to Mesdames; either their journey was to be opposed, or the inconveniences of it, among which it was impossible not to reckon their arrestation by a municipality to which they were unknown, were to be prevented.

"There were ancient laws against emigration; they had fallen into disuse, and the principles of liberty established by the decrees of the Assembly had wholly abrogated them. To refuse a passport to Mesdames, if a document of that description had been considered a real permission, would have been not only to outstrip, but actually to make law. To grant the passport when, without conferring any additional right, it might prevent disturbances could be conceived as nothing more than an act of prudence.

"These, sir, are the grounds upon which I countersigned the passports granted to Mesdames; I request you will have the kindness to communicate them to the Assembly. I shall always eagerly avail myself of all opportunities of explaining my conduct; and I shall always rely with the utmost confidence upon the justice of the Assembly."

The fate of Mesdames depended on the resolution to which the National Assembly was about to come; the two parties were ready and well prepared. The Abbé Maury, who owes the reputation of being at the head of Catholicism to real merit, was eager for the honour of being the first to speak. He eulogised the principles of good order, without which no Government can subsist, and consequently there can be neither peace nor prosperity for the people.

Several orators spoke, and all of them acknowledged that there was no law which forbade the departure of Mesdames. The discussion was so managed that the party of the faction looked upon the order of the day, the disapproval of the act of the commune of Arnay-le-Duc, as a triumph; but an obscure member, remarkable only for his gigantic form and his strength of voice, rose and roared out: "You insist that no law exists, and I maintain that a law does exist—it is the safety of the people."

General Menou put an end to the debate by one of those caustic observations which seldom fail to take effect when they are happily introduced, that is to say, when the multitude begin to be tired by the discussion. "Europe," said he "will be greatly astonished, no doubt, on hearing that the National Assembly spent four hours in deliberating upon the departure of two ladies who preferred hearing Mass at Rome rather than at Paris."

The debate was thus terminated, and the decree was conformable to the opinion of Mirabeau, who had, moreover, the honour of carrying his form of it, which was as follows:

"The National Assembly, inasmuch as there exists no law of the realm to forbid the free journeying of Mesdames the King's aunts, declares that there is no ground for questioning it, and refers

the matter to the executive power." (Montigny's "Memoirs of Mesdames," vol. i.)

All particulars relating to the abode of Mesdames at Rome, Naples and, lastly, in Poland, will be found in these Memoirs.

Note (J), Page 150.

M. de Laporte, to whom I had some time previously communicated my opinion on the subject of the tribunes or galleries, told me that in the course of eight or nine months the King had been induced to spend more than 2,500,000 livres upon the tribunes alone; and that they had all along been for the Jacobins; that in truth the persons to whom the operation had been entrusted and to whom the money was delivered were violently suspected of having diverted a considerable part, and, perhaps, the whole of it, to their own purposes; but that this inconvenience was unavoidable in an expenditure of that sort, which, from the nature of it, was not susceptible of any control or check whatever; and that this consideration had determined the King to discontinue it at once.

I will not insist, as a certain fact, that the two chief undertakers of this service (Messieurs T— and S—) did really apply the fund committed to them to their own use, although it was a matter of public notoriety that since their being entrusted with it one of them made purchases to the extent of from 1,200,000 to 1,500,000 livres, and the other to the extent of from 700,000 to 800,000 livres; but I have no hesitation in asserting and believing that they can only rebut the reproach of signal knavery by proving that they managed the operation with a want of skill and a degree of negligence almost equally culpable, for nothing was more easy than to secure the tribunes by paying them. I had made the experiment once only during my administration, but then I was completely successful. It was on the day on which I was to make in the Assembly my full reply to the denunciations which had been made against me. I was informed two days beforehand by my spies that the secret committee of the Jacobins had determined on that day to augment the number of their hirelings in the tribunes, to insure my being hooted. I immediately sent for one of the victors of the Bastille, to whom I had, before the Revolution, rendered some important services, who was entirely devoted to me, and who was a man of great weight in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Him I directed to select from among the working-men of the faubourg two hundred athletic men on whom he could rely, and to take them the next day to the Assembly, at six o'clock in the morning, in order that they might be the first there before the opening of the Chamber, and so fill the front places in the tribunes at the two ends of the Chamber; and to give them no other order than merely to applaud or hoot according to a signal which was agreed on.

This manœuvre was as successful as I could wish. My speech was repeatedly interrupted by applause, which was doubled when I ceased speaking. The Jacobins were thunderstruck at this, and could not at all understand it. I was a quarter of an hour after-

wards still in the Assembly, as well as all the ministers who had made it their duty to attend me on the emergency in question; when the Abbé Fauchet rose to notice a fact which he declared to be of great importance: "I have this moment," said he, "received a letter informing me that a considerable proportion of the citizens in the tribunes have been paid to applaud the Minister of Marine."

Although this was true enough, my unaltered countenance and the reputation of the Abbé Fauchet, who was known to be an unblushing liar, turned his denunciation into ridicule, and it was considered the more misplaced, inasmuch as it was nothing unusual to hear my speeches applauded by the tribunes. True it is that I had always taken care to introduce into them some of those phrases, or rather words, which the people never failed to applaud, mechanically, when they were uttered with a certain emphasis, without troubling themselves to examine the sense in which they were used.

The Abbé Fauchet had scarcely finished making his denunciation when it was stifled by the almost general murmur which proceeded from both sides of the Chamber, and by the hootings of the tribunes pursuant to signal. This victory, gained in the tribunes over the Jacobins, cost me no more than 270 livres in assignats, because a considerable number of my champions, out of regard for the leader, would receive nothing more from him than a glass of brandy.

I gave the King all these particulars in my reply to His Majesty's later notes, and I again entreated him to permit me to make a second experiment upon the tribunes for one single week only, upon a plan which I annexed to my letter, and the expense of which did not exceed 800 livres *per diem*.

This plan consisted in filling the front rows of the two tribunes with 262 trusty fellows, whose pay was fixed at the following rates:

	<i>Livres per diem.</i>
1. To a leader, who alone was in the secret . . .	50
2. To a sub-leader, chosen by the former . . .	25
3. To ten assistants, selected by the leader and sub-leader, having no knowledge of each other, and each deputed to recruit twenty-five men and take them daily to the Assembly, 10 livres apiece; total . . .	100
4. To two hundred and fifty men, each 50 sous a day; total . . .	625
Total . . .	800 livres.

The leader and sub-leader were to be placed, one in the middle of the front tribune, and the other in the same situation in the other tribune. Each of them was known only to the five assistants whom he had under his orders in the tribune in which he took his seat. The sub-leader received his directions by a signal concerted between themselves alone. They had a second signal for the purpose of passing the order to the assistants, each of whom again transmitted it to his twenty-five men by a third signal. All of

them, with the exception of the leader and sub-leader, were to be engaged in the name of Pétion, for the support of the Constitution against the aristocrats and Republicans. Each assistant was to pay his own recruits, and was to receive the funds from the leader or the sub-leader, in proportion to the number of men he brought with him.

The leader was alone to correspond with a friend of a captain of the King's constitutional guard named Piquet, a man of true courage and entirely devoted to His Majesty's service. This captain was to receive from me daily the funds necessary for the expenditure of the day following, with directions for the conduct of the tribunes according to what had passed on the day preceding. He was to communicate the whole to his friend, who in his turn was to instruct the leader of the operation. By means of these various sub-divisions, this manoeuvre might get wind by treachery or otherwise without any serious inconvenience resulting from it, because it cut off the possibility of all ultimate discovery and prevented inquiries from being directed to me. Nothing more was necessary than to remove any one of the persons immediately employed. Besides, in order as far as possible to watch the fidelity of the agents of this enterprise, and in some measure to keep a check upon this expense, I had agreed with Buob, a justice of the peace, that he should daily send five of his runners, whose salary I was to pay him, into each of the tribunes to see what was going forward there, especially in the front rows; to calculate, as exactly as they could, the number of persons shouting or applauding, and give him an account accordingly. We had not neglected to apprise the assistants that this inspection was regularly made by agents of Pétion.

The King returned me this plan, after reflecting upon it for four-and-twenty hours, and authorised me to try it in the course of the following week. This was the result of it:

The first and second days our people contented themselves with silencing the tribunes; that is to say, with silencing all marks of disapprobation and applause, under pretence of hearing better, and that of itself was one great point gained.

On the third day they began slightly to applaud constitutional motions and opinions, and continued to prevent contrary motions and opinions from being heard.

On the fourth day the same line of conduct was continued, only the applause was warmer and longer persevered in. The Assembly could not make it out. Several of the members looked towards the tribunes frequently and with attention, and made themselves easy on seeing them filled with individuals whose appearance and dress were as usual.

On the fifth day the marks of applause became stronger, and they began to murmur a little against anti-constitutional motions and remarks. At this the Assembly appeared somewhat discontented; but one of the adjutants, on being interrogated by a deputy, replying that he was for the Constitution and for Pétion, it was supposed that the disapprobation which had been heard was the effect of some mistake

On the sixth day the sounds of approbation and of the contrary feeling were still conducted in the same way, but with a degree of violence considerable enough to give offence to the Assembly. A motion was made against the tribunes, who repelled it by the most violent clamours, insults and threats. Some of the men employed carried their audacity so far as to raise their sticks as if to strike the deputies who were near them, and repeated over and over again that the Assembly consisted of a pack of beggars who ought to be knocked on the head. The president, being of opinion, no doubt, that it was not quite prudent to wait till the majority of those who filled the tribunes should declare themselves of that opinion, broke up the sitting.

As the members of the Assembly quitted the hall, several of the deputies accosted a considerable number of individuals coming down from the tribunes, and by dint of questions and cajolery drew from them that they were employed by Pétion. They immediately went to complain to him on the subject, under a conviction that he had been deceived in the choice of his men; that he would not approve of their conduct and would dismiss them.

Pétion, who as yet knew nothing of what had been going forward in the Assembly, swore, and certainly swore truly, that he had no hand in it, and that he had not sent anybody to the tribunes for a long time. He insisted that it was a manoeuvre of his enemies, and promised to leave no stone unturned to find out its authors. I was, in fact, informed that in the evening several of his emissaries had been all over the faubourgs, and had questioned a great many working-men, but fortunately all these enquiries ended in nothing.

The letter which I addressed to the King every morning informed him of the orders I had issued for the next day with regard to the management of the tribunes; and as he had always some confidential person at the Assembly, in order that he might be accurately informed of what was going forward there, he was enabled to judge how faithfully and with what success the directions I gave were executed; and consequently His Majesty, in almost all his answers to the letters of that week, observed, "'The tribunes go on well'—'still well'—'better and better'—'admirable,'" But the scene of violence of the Saturday gave him some uneasiness.

On the following day, when I made my appearance at the levee. Their Majesties and Madame Elizabeth eyed me in the most gracious and satisfied manner. After Mass the King, as he was re-entering the room, passing close by me, said, without turning and low enough to be heard by nobody but myself, "Very well—only too rapidly—I will write to you." In fact, in the letter which the King returned to me on the same day with his answer, he observed that "the experiment had succeeded beyond his hopes, but that it would be dangerous to pursue it, especially to myself; that this resource ought to be reserved for a time of need, and that he would apprise me when that time arrived." ("Private Memoirs for the History, &c.," by Bertrand de Molleville, vol. ii.)

Note (K), Page 207.

Historical Narrative of the Transactions at the Château of the Tuileries, during the night of the 9th and 10th of August, 1792, and on the morning of the 10th.

Before my return into the Château I visited the hall of the department. I saw the Attorney-General. The authorities of the department were to remain assembled the whole night. The Attorney-General offered to pass it himself in the Château if the King thought it necessary. The King manifested a wish that it should be so. I immediately informed M. Rœderer, and that magistrate instantly proceeded to the King. It was then near midnight.

About one in the morning, the tocsin not having begun to sound until after the Mayor had quitted the King, His Majesty desired me to inform M. Pétion of it, and to communicate to him his wish that the gates of the terrace called Des Feuillans should be closed. The terrace had been declared to form a part of the area of the National Assembly. That body alone could dispose of it. Therefore, in communicating the King's wish, I pressed M. Pétion to demand what he required of the National Assembly. The Mayor could do this with the more propriety because the tocsin had sounded and the *générale* been beaten. It was certain the meeting was assembling, and that the National Assembly had recalled the Mayor to their bar full three-quarters of an hour.

M. Pétion heard the King's observations. He felt the force of them. Even before he went to the National Assembly he caused the gate which commands the riding-house yard to be shut; the Swiss received a verbal order for it in the presence of all the municipal officers and of several grenadiers who were with the Mayor. I owe this homage to truth. One grenadier suffered himself at this moment to pass the bounds of decorum. His warmth of feeling got the better of his obedience.

"Mr. Mayor," said he, "we see with the liveliest satisfaction, with a respectful gratitude, that your zeal always gets the better of the malevolence of your enemies; that you are in all places where you can usefully serve the country; but that is not enough. Why do you suffer these partial assemblages in Paris which will gradually bring on general ones? Why do you suffer yourself to be ruled by factious men who will ruin us? Why, for instance, is the Sieur Santerre always with you, always out of the reach of the law? Why is he at this moment at the Hôtel de Ville? Mr. Mayor, you are answerable for the public tranquillity, for the preservation of our property—you—"

To these words, uttered with great volubility and heard by the Mayor, he answered vaguely, "What does this mean, sir? You lose sight of respect; you forget yourself. Come, let us understand each other." Upon this, almost the whole of the National Guards surrounded the Mayor, silenced the grenadier, and forced him to withdraw: and the Mayor went to the National Assembly.

He there gave the explanations required of him, but said nothing about the terrace of the Feuillans.

The moment afterwards M. Pétion returned to the garden and proceeded to the terrace. I saw him walking there in the midst of the same group, accompanied by the same municipal officers, and by a still greater number of National Guards.

I am a witness that the *commandant de bataillon* accosted the Mayor opposite the principal gate of the castle and told him everything was quiet and that there was nothing to fear; that the commissioners of the sections, who had met at the Faubourg St. Antoine, had separated and adjourned to Friday morning early, at the Hôtel de Ville, with the intention of coming to a final resolution; but that until that time there was no ground for apprehension.

This intelligence was too agreeable not to be seized with eagerness. The Mayor approved of it, and announced that he should soon retire. However, several persons pointed out to him that the account of the *commandant de bataillon* might be true, and still the danger might be very great.

It has been observed that the commandant came from the section of the Croix-Rouge; that the commissioners spoken of had separated at eleven o'clock; that since, and notwithstanding their pretended resolution, the tocsin had been sounded and the alarm-gun had been fired, that the assemblage had taken place, and that everything seemed to announce that the people would put themselves in march about five o'clock in the morning.

The Queen renewed her observations; the King remained mute. Nobody spoke. It was reserved to me to give the last piece of advice. I had the firmness to say, "Let us go, and not deliberate; honour commands it; the good of the State requires it. Let us go to the National Assembly; this step ought to have been taken long ago."

"Come," said the King, raising his right hand; "let us go; let us give this last mark of self-devotion, since it is necessary."

The Queen was persuaded; her first anxiety was for the King, the second for her son. The King had none.

"M. Røederer,—gentlemen," said the Queen, "you answer for the person of the King; you answer for that of my son."

"Madam," replied M. Røederer, "we pledge ourselves to die at your side; that is all we can engage for." ("History of Marie Antoinette," by Montjoie.)

Note (M), Page 314.

Louis XVI. was much pleased with his first conversation with Count Maurepas, who endeavoured to interest him by relating to him sentimental anecdotes respecting the Dauphin his father, for whom Louis XVI. entertained the most profound veneration. Maurepas confirmed the King in the belief that the Duke de Choiseul had hastened the death of the late Dauphin, and always supported him in the resolution of perpetually banishing the Duke from Court, and particularly from the administration. He represented the Duke de Choiseul, both in manuscript memoirs and

in his private conversations, as prodigal of the public money, and as having, for the sake of establishing for himself in France a party too powerful to be attacked, granted a multitude of unmerited pensions to the amount of twelve millions and upwards on persons who had no other claims than the protection of the House of Choiseul.

Maurepas once had a statement drawn up of the favours granted to all the Houses which bore the name of Choiseul, and demonstrated that no family in France cost one-fourth of what was absorbed by the family of this minister. Thus, as fast as the Queen pressed Louis XVI. to recall Choiseul to Court, Maurepas was labouring, on the contrary, to make him an object of detestation to the Prince. His hatred of M. de Choiseul had raised him to office, and the same sentiments preserved him his place. Hence arose the first displeasure of Marie Antoinette against M. de Maurepas. She had determined to leave no means untried for recalling to France the friend of her family and the contriver of her marriage.

The other ministers pursuing the same object as Maurepas, the latter dexterously employed the Abbé Terray to blacken the character of the Duke de Choiseul previous to his driving him from the administration of the finances. After Abbé Terray, Turgot, who entertained the same opinion of the Duke, continued to calumniate him in his private conversations and official intercourse with the King. The Chancellor Maupeou, who had wronged the Duke in part of his machinations against him, joined this party. They went so far as to assert that Marie Antoinette was daughter of the Duke de Choiseul, and to calculate the days and months of Maria Theresa's pregnancy. The period of the Duke de Choiseul's embassy to Vienna was alluded to in order to give some appearance of probability to this report, which dates alone were sufficient to refute. Vergennes found himself in hostility to the Austrian diplomacy. La Vrillière, who had executed the King's orders in exiling him to Chanteloup, after having intrigued with D'Aiguillon and Madame du Barry, did all that a man who had lost his credit and consideration could do to injure the Duke de Choiseul. In the Royal Family this was also a leading object with the King's there aunts. Thus, on whatever side Louis XVI. looked, he saw only implacable enemies to the Duke de Choiseul, with the exception of the Queen, who was enraged to find such general opposition to her early inclinations. ("Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," by Soulavie, vol. ii.)

Note (N), in addition to note at page 314.

M. de Vergennes, President of the Council of Finance—a place more lucrative and honourable than important in the Ministry—no sooner heard of the existence of a secret deficit, which M. de Calonne raised to the amount of one hundred millions, than he foresaw the protestations, violent discussions and resentment which would take place throughout France when the fatal moment of manifesting this State wound, in order to cure it, should

arrive. He foresaw, long beforehand, the advantage which England would take of our situation. France, having surprised England in the cruel embarrassment of her colonial insurrections, had made a Sovereign people of a body of rebels. What might not England do in the interior of France when every order of the State should rise in insurrection against a deficit of one hundred millions occasioned by an extravagant Court, which the proceedings about the necklace had vilified and debased? M. Necker, in an official account, had assured the public five years before, that the receipts exceeded the expenditure by several millions, and now M. de Calonne found a deficit of one hundred millions. To what was this deficit to be attributed? To the last five years? The Court could not be thus accused without disgracing it. To the preceding period? The great reputation of M. Necker could not be thus attacked. What great advantages England might take of this dilemma!

Such were the circumstances under which it was recollected that France and England had, towards the end of 1783, engaged to negotiate a treaty. M. de Calonne and M. de Vergennes combined to render it favourable to the British nation, and our manufactures were sacrificed by their calculation. In the course of the twelve years fixed as the duration of this treaty, England was to enjoy immense advantages, and repair her own finances. This treaty, which excited universal alarm, was signed on the 20th of September, 1786, under the administration of Mr. Pitt, who had defeated Mr. Fox, then recently retired from the Ministry; and the resolution to convoke the Notables was entered into in Council, at Versailles, on the 29th of December following.

I shall not enter into the particulars of the censure which the nation passed on this treaty; it no longer exists. I shall only observe that the English merchants, to introduce a taste for their goods—their earthenware, for instance—carried their speculations to such a height as to furnish them at less than their value at long credits. We have seen the English pottery become, in the course of a month, quite the fashion at the most distinguished tables; we have all witnessed the bankruptcy of several interesting French manufactures. ("Historical Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," by Soulavie, vol. vi.)

Note (O), Page 325.

The King having purchased the Château de Rambouillet from the Duke de Penthièvre, amused himself with embellishing this mansion. I have seen a register, entirely in his own handwriting, which proves that he possessed a great variety of information on the minutæ of various branches of knowledge. In his accounts he would not omit an article of twelve pence. The figures and letters of his handwriting, when he wished to write legibly, are small and very neat; the letters are well formed; but, in general, he wrote very badly. He was so sparing of writing-paper that he divided a sheet into eight, six or four pieces,

according to the length of what he had to write. Whilst he was writing he seemed to avoid all waste of paper, and towards the close of the page he compressed the letters and made no interlineations. The last words were close to the bottom, and to the edge of the paper; he seemingly regretted being obliged to begin another page. His genius was methodical and analytical; he divided what he wrote into chapters and sections. He had extracted from the works of Nicole and Fénelon, his favourite authors, three or four hundred concise and sententious phrases; these he had classed according to the order of the subjects, and formed a second work of them, in the taste and manner of Montesquieu. To this treatise he had given the following general title: "Of Moderate Monarchy,"* with chapters entitled, "Of the Person of the Prince"; "Of the Authority of Bodies in the State"; "Of the Character of the Executive Functions of the Monarchy." Had he been able to carry into effect all the beautiful and grand things he had observed in Fénelon, Louis XVI. would have been an accomplished monarch, and France a powerful kingdom.

The King used to accept from his ministers the speeches which they presented to him to deliver on important occasions; but he corrected and modified them; struck out some parts, and added others; and sometimes even consulted his consort on the subject.

In these endeavours it is easy to see that he sought appropriate expressions, and with success. The phrase of the minister erased by the King was frequently unsuitable, and dictated by the minister's private feelings; but the King's was always the natural expression. One might have said, none but a King could have hit on these expressions, they were so peculiarly apposite. He himself composed, three times or oftener, his famous answers to the Parliament which he banished. But in his familiar letters he was negligent and always incorrect.

Simplicity of expression was the characteristic of the King's style; the figurative style of M. Necker did not please him; the sarcasms of Maurepas were disagreeable to him. In that multitude of speculations, which fill a paper of projects, the following remark appears in his handwriting: "That is good for nothing"; in others he foresaw the future. Unfortunate Prince! he would predict in his observations that if such a calamity should happen the monarchy would be ruined; and the next day he would consent in Council to the very operation which he had condemned the day before, and which brought him nearer the brink of the precipice. ("Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," by Soultavie, vol. ii.)

Note (V), Page 285.

When the news of the attempt made against the King's life became publicly known, the populace evinced the greatest rage and

despair. They assembled under the windows of Madame de Pompadour, uttering threatening cries. She began to dread the fate of Madame de Châteauroux. Her friends every moment came in to bring her intelligence. Many only came out of curiosity to see how she behaved. She did nothing but weep and faint by turns. Dr. Quesnay saw the King five or six times a day. "There is nothing to fear," said he, "if it were any other person he might go to a ball." I told Madame that the Keeper of the Seals had had an interview with the King, from which he had returned to his own residence, followed by a crowd of people. "And that is a friend," said she, bursting into tears. The Abbé Bernis said this was not a time to form a precipitate judgment of him. Half an hour afterwards I returned into the drawing-room; the Keeper of the Seals came in. "How is Madame de Pompadour?" said he, with a cold and severe air. "As you may easily imagine," I replied; and he entered her apartment, where he remained half an hour alone with her. At length she rang; I went in, followed by the Abbé Bernis. "I must go, my dear abbé," said she. She gave orders for all her domestics to be ready to set out. To several ladies, who came to condole with her, she compared the conduct of M. de Machault, the Keeper of the Seals, with that of the Duke de Richelieu at Metz. "He believes, or pretends to believe," said she, "that the priests will require me to be sent away with disgrace; but Quesnay and all the physicians say there is not the slightest danger."

Madame de Mirepoix came in, crying out, "What are all these trunks for, madam? Your servants say you are leaving us." "Alas, my dear friend, such is the will of the master; at least, so says M. de Machault." "And what is his advice?" "To set out immediately." "He wishes to be master himself," said Madame de Mirepoix, "and he is betraying you. Whoever leaves the game loses it."

M. de Marigny afterwards told me that an appearance of an intended departure would be kept up to avoid irritating the enemies of Madame; that the little Maréchal (Madame de Mirepoix) had decided the matter; and that the Keeper of the Seals would be the sufferer. Quesnay came in and, with his usual grimaces, related a fable of a fox who, being at dinner with other animals, persuaded one of them that his enemies were seeking him, and, having induced him to withdraw, devoured his share in his absence. I did not see Madame until much later, when she was going to bed. She was more calm; affairs were improving. Machault, that faithless friend, was dismissed. The King came as usual to Madame. A few days afterwards Madame paid a visit to M. d'Argenson. She returned much out of temper, and the King shortly afterwards arrived. I heard Madame sobbing. The Abbé Bernis came to me and desired me to carry her some Hoffman's drops. The King himself prepared the potion with some sugar, and presented it to her with the most gracious air. She smiled and kissed his hands. I withdrew, and the next day heard of the exile of M. d'Argenson. He was much to blame; and this was the greatest stretch of Madame's influence. The King was very much attached to M.

d'Argenson, and the war by sea and land rendered it very impolitic to discard these two ministers. ("Journal of Madame de Hausset.")

Note (W), Page 290.

Madame one day called me into her cabinet, where the King was walking up and down, with a very serious air. "You must," said she, "go and pass a few days in the avenue of St. Cloud, at a house which will be pointed out to you, where you will find a young lady ready to lie in. Like one of the goddesses of the poets, you will preside at the birth. The object of your mission is, that everything may take place according to the King's wishes, and secretly. You will be present at the christening, and give the names of the father and mother." The King began to laugh, and said, "The father is a very worthy man." Madame added, "Beloved by everybody; and adored by all who are acquainted with him." Madame went to a drawer and took out a little casket, which she opened, and produced a diamond *aigrette*, saying to the King, "I had reasons for not getting a finer one." "It is too handsome, as it is," said the King, embracing Madame; "how kind you are!" She shed tears of emotion, and placing her hand on the King's heart, said, "It is there that my wishes are centred." Tears now came into the King's eyes also; nor could I refrain from crying, though I scarcely knew why. The King then said to me, "Guimard will see you every day to advise and assist you, and at the critical moment you will send for him. But we have said nothing about the godfather and godmother. You are to announce them as if they were coming; and an instant afterwards you will pretend to receive a letter informing you that they cannot come. You will then feign not to know what to do, and Guimard will say, 'The best way is to have anybody you can get.' You will then take the servant of the house and some pauper or chair-man, and give them only twelve francs, to avoid attracting notice." "A louis," interrupted Madame, "that you may not make mischief in another way."

When the King was gone Madame said to me, "Well, what do you think of my part in this affair?" "It is that of a superior woman and an excellent friend," said I. "It is his heart that I wish to possess," answered she; "and none of these little uneducated girls will deprive me of that. I should not be so tranquil if some beautiful woman of the Court were to attempt the conquest." I asked Madame whether the young lady knew that the father of the child was the King. "I do not think so," said she, "but as he seemed to love this one, it is thought that there has been too much readiness to let her know it. Were it not for that, it was to have been insinuated to the world that the father was a Polish nobleman, related to the Queen, and that he had apartments in the Château."

After receiving some additional instructions, I went to the avenue of St. Cloud, where I found the abbess, and Guimard, a servant belonging to the Château, with a nurse and assistant, two old domestics, and a girl half housemaid, half *femme de chambre*.

The young lady was extremely pretty, and elegantly dressed, but had nothing very striking in her appearance. I supped with her and the *gouvernante*, called Madame Bertrand. I gave the lady the *atigrette*, which delighted her wonderfully. The next day I had a private conversation with her, when she asked me, "How is the Count (meaning the King)? He will be very sorry that he cannot be with me, but he has been obliged to take a long journey." I assented. "He is a very handsome man," continued she, "and loves me with all his heart; he has promised me an annuity, but I love him disinterestedly, and, if he would take me, I would go with him." She afterwards talked of her parents. "My mother," she said, "kept a large druggist's shop; and my father belonged to the six companies, and everyone knows there is nothing better than that; he was twice very near being sheriff."

Six days afterwards she was delivered of a boy, but was told, according to my instructions, that it was a girl, and, soon afterwards, that it was dead, in order that no trace of its existence might remain for a certain period, after which it was to be restored to its mother. The King gave ten or twelve thousand francs a year to each of his natural children, and they inherited from one another. Seven or eight had already died. When I returned Madame asked me many questions. "The King," said she, "is disgusted with his Princess, and I fancy he will set out for Poland in two days." "And what will become of the young lady?" said I. "She will be married to some country gentleman," she said, "and will have, perhaps, a fortune of forty thousand crowns or so, and a few diamonds." This little adventure, which thus placed me in the King's confidence, far from procuring me marks of his kindness, seemed to make him behave more coolly towards me; for he was ashamed that I should be acquainted with his low amours. He was also embarrassed about the little services which Madame rendered him. ("Journal of Madame de Hausset.")

Amongst the young ladies of very tender age, with whom the King amused himself during the influence of Madame de Pompadour or afterwards, there was also a Mademoiselle de Tiercelin, whom His Majesty ordered to take the name of Bonneval the very day she was presented to him. The King was the first who perceived this child, when not above nine years old, in the care of a nurse, in the garden of the Tuileries, one day when he went in state to his "good city of Paris," and having in the evening spoken of her beauty to Le Bel, the servant applied to M. de Sartine, who traced her out and bought her of the nurse for a few louis. She was daughter of M. de Tiercelin, a man of quality, who could not patiently endure an affront of this nature. He was, however, compelled to be silent. He was told his child was lost and that it would be best for him to submit to the sacrifice, unless he wished to lose his liberty also.

Mademoiselle de Tiercelin, now become Madame de Bonneval, was introduced under that name into the little apartments at Versailles by the King's desire. She was naturally very wild, and did not like His Majesty. "You are an ugly man," said

she, throwing the jewels and diamonds, which the King had given her, out of the window. The Duke de Choiseul had the weakness to be jealous of this child and her father, who were equally harmless. He was told that the King of Prussia, being tired of Madame de Pompadour, was secretly labouring to get Mademoiselle de Tiercelin declared the King's mistress, the King certainly doted on her. The minister was assured that M. de Tiercelin was engaged in most extensive operations for effecting the object of this foreign intrigue. The father and daughter were, in consequence, separately confined in the Bastille. ("Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XV.," by Soulavie.)

Note (X), Page 298.

The Dauphin, son of Louis XV., had for several years superintended the education of his three children, the Duke de Berri, afterwards Louis XVI., the Count de Provence and the Count d'Artois.

The deportment of the Duke de Berri was austere, severe, reserved and often rough; he had no taste for play, exhibitions or amusements. He was a youth of inviolable veracity, constantly employing himself, at first, in copying and afterwards in composing geographical maps and in filing iron. His father had shown a predilection for him, which excited the jealousy of his brothers. Madame Adelaide, who tenderly loved him, used to say, in order to encourage him and overcome his timidity: "Speak out freely, Berri; shout scold, make an uproar, like your brother d'Artois; knock down my china and break it, make some noise in the world." The young Duke de Berri only became the more silent, and could not lay aside his natural character. ("Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," by Soulavie, vol. ii.)



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